

CANADA'S

HISTORY MAGAZINE

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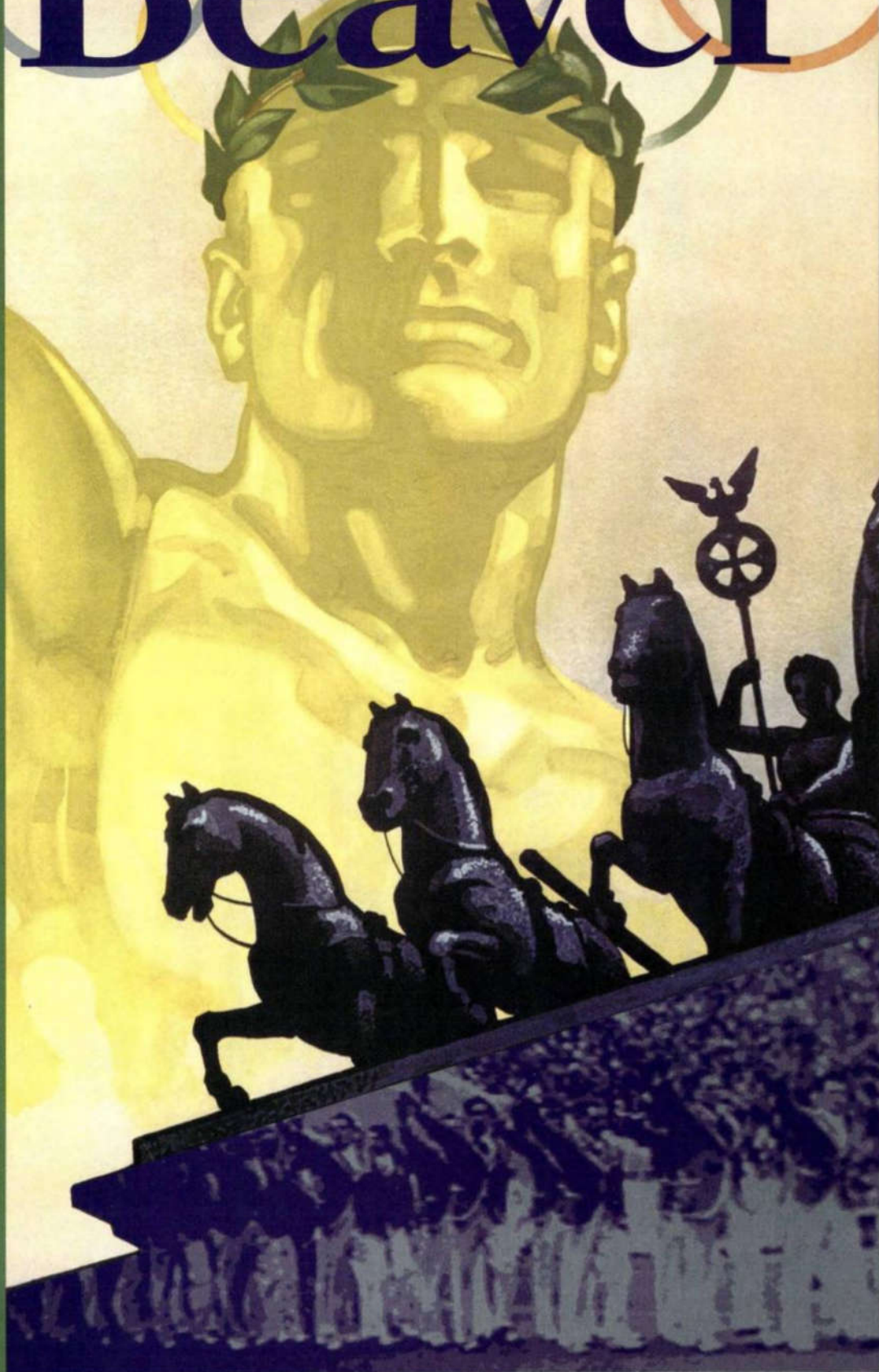
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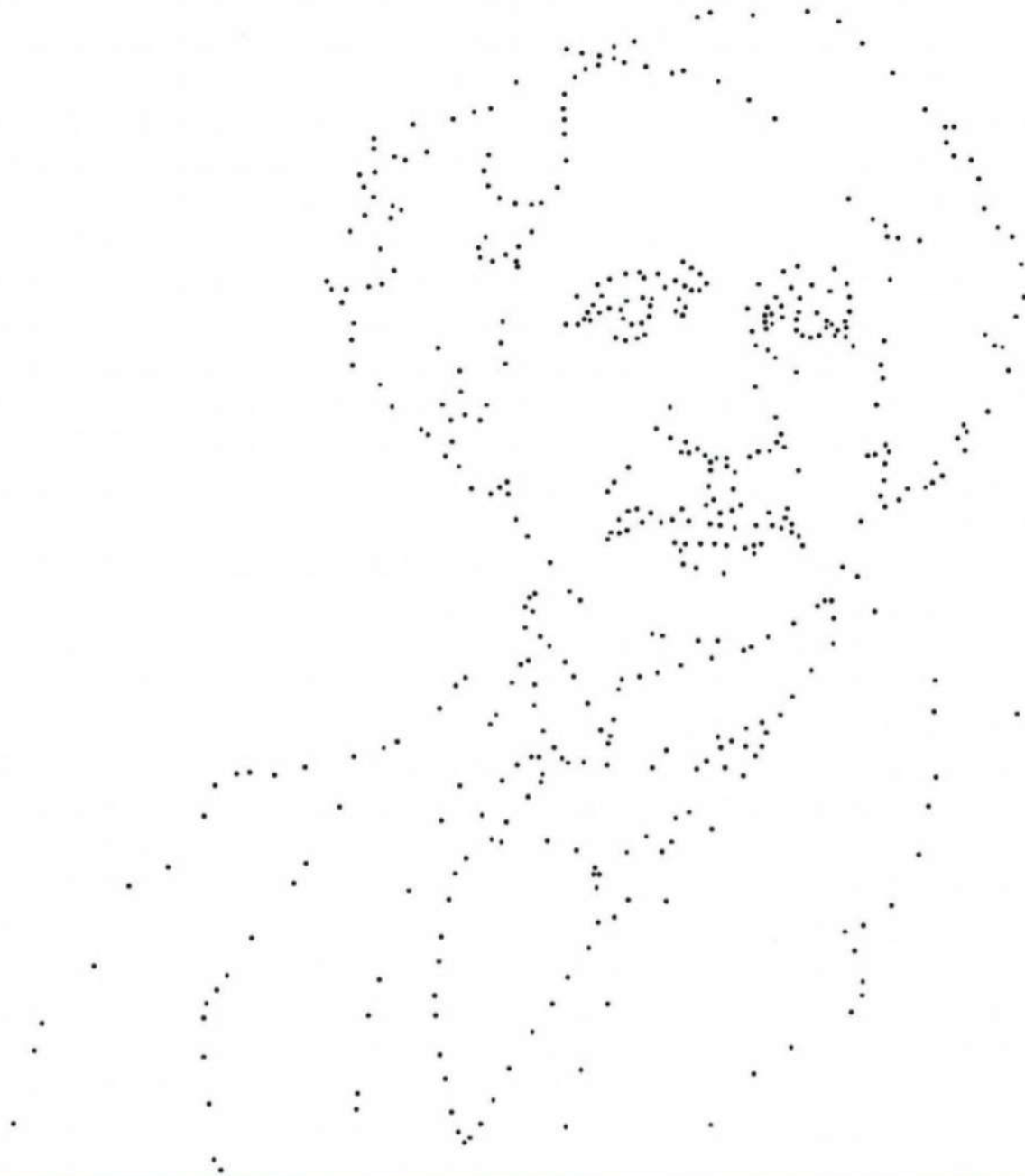
**The Bank That
Went Bust**

*Hitler, the
Olympics, &
Canada's*
**Strange
Salute**

The Canadian
Who Invented
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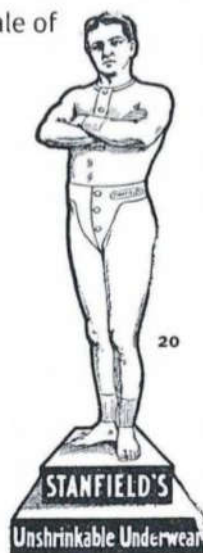
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The Beaver

CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

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The Beaver was founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation.

The Magnificent Montours

Your article on Sally Ainsie in "Paper Trail" [April/May 2004] is only part of her story. The mother of Nicholas Montour (who would achieve fame and wealth in the West of Canada and purchase the seigneurie of Pointe-du-Lac in what became the province of Québec), Sally had married Andrew Montour, the well-known and respected interpreter of Amerindian languages and a go-between for the governments of the English colonies. Andrew's parents were Coronadowana (*Le Grand Arbre*, Big Tree), an Oneida sachem [chief], and Isabelle Couc / Madame Montour, who was born in 1667 New France, and who, after she left Fort Pontchartrain / Detroit, went to the English colonies, where she served as an interpreter for the governments of New York and Pennsylvania. She died around 1752. Her parents were Pierre Couc dit (called) Lafleur de Cognac and Marie MitéouamegouKoué, an Algonquin. They married at Trois-Rivières in 1657, gave life to seven most interesting children, and remained together until Pierre's death in 1690.

The story of the Couc/Montour family is a fascinating one. For documentation, see my work-in-progress in thirteen parts, at the website *Roots, Racines, Késsinimek* <<http://www.levillee.net/roots/index.html>>.

SUZANNE BOIVIN SOMMERVILLE
ST. CLAIR SHORES, MICHIGAN



Pulps Québécois

As I read Carolyn Strange and Tina Loo's article about the Canadian pulp magazines of the 1940s [April/May 2004], I remembered a long-lost staple of Québec's "distinct" culture—what were called "les romans à dix sous" (not to be confused with

nineteenth-century American dime novels).

From 1944 to 1967, newsstands in train and bus stations, as well as in other stores in Québec, were literally plastered with dozens of booklets, about forty pages in length, with monochrome covers advertising sensational content. These were the favourite reading of working-class French-Canadians of the time. Some were true-crime stories, but most were fiction. Over eighty different serials have been identified, covering all genres: love stories, westerns, and science fiction, though crime stories and espionage (*Cold War oblige*) took the lion's share of the market. Tens of thousands were sold at a price of ten cents apiece in the 1940s and 1950s (hence the name "roman à dix sous"); it rose to fifteen cents in the sixties.

The most popular of those series was "Les aventures étranges de l'agent IXE 13, l'As des espions canadiens," or "A Canadian Ace of Spies," whose adventures filled no less than 934 installments. Also prominent were "Le Domino Noir," a masked and caped crime-fighting crusader, and Albert Brien, "Ace of French-Canadian Detectives." A few series showed female heroines, such as "Colette UZ-16, l'As femme détective canadienne-française," "Françoise UC-12.1, incomparable espionne canadienne-française," and "Diane, la belle aventurière," an audacious reporter. All those characters advertised loudly

their "French-canadianness," an obvious compensation phenomenon for a people who had very few real-life heroes to look up to. Usually badly and quickly written (one issue a week with the same author writing many series) with no concern for realism (an

episode of IXE 13 shows Canadian troops taking Berlin in 1945), sensationalist (some stories includes situations bordering on kink), this lowbrow literature was frowned upon by clergy and openly disdained by the province's literary milieu. All this explains why the authors usually used many pen

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names. Sometimes, the same series would be written by different authors using one pen name. All this explains many inconsistencies in the characters and situations, and makes it difficult to identify who those authors actually were, among them Hercule Valjean, Max Romier, and Gilles Brodeur. Only two have been identified with certainty: Pierre Daigneault, singer, actor, and folklorist who, under the pen name Pierre Saurel wrote, among other things, the extremely popular *IXE 13*, and, more surprisingly, writer Yves Thériault (author of *Agaguk*), who produced many of these serials, the only way to make a living by writing in Quebec at the time.

This typical literature of prerevolution Tranquille Quebec disappeared in the second half of the sixties, along with clerical control and Montreal's red-light district. It disappeared so completely that, when in 1971 a movie was produced, called *IXE 13: The French-Canadian Dream* (a spoof of the famous serials by Les Cyniques, a sort-of Quebec Monty Python troupe), I was thirteen years old and had never heard of the character. Nowadays, it is hard to find anybody under fifty who has any idea that this type of literature ever existed.

L'Université Laval sponsored a research project, "La littérature en fascicule au Québec de 1940-1960" through which an anthology of those stories, featuring female heroines, was published and a website was created. (Milot, Louise, Aurise Deschamps and Madeleine Godin. *Le coeur à l'aventure*. Québec: Nuit Blanche Éditeur, 1989, pp. 372); <<http://membres.lycos.fr/liquefasc/listeagentz.htm>>. A new movie project inspired by *IXE 13* is currently underway.

ANDRÉ PELCHAT
L'AVENIR, QUEBEC

Recalling the Godsell

I was pleased to see the picture and write-up referring to an old friend of our family during our Winnipeg days ["Maple Leaf Pulp," April/May 2004]. Philip and Jean Godsell were frequent visitors to our house and us to theirs. He taught me the only bit of the Cree language I still recall, and their house was full of wonderful native regalia—they were an intelligent, interesting pair. When they and my family moved to Calgary we saw less of them but still met now and then when they were living in Air-drie. Harry—as we knew him best—was buried with an Anglican and then a native ceremony in Calgary. He had been made a chief of one or more of the tribes.

Many have maligned the Godsell, but they were champions of the native people and did a lot to record life in northern Canada. They were active in the LaVerendrye celebrations in Winnipeg—my gosh, was that way back in 1938?—and introduced us to many native people. Not always friendly towards the Bay, for which he worked for many years, he probably came in for some criticism as a result.

I was probably too young to realize that he was writing for the pulp magazines, but I know he was one of the few who attempted to live by writing alone, and I'm sure the dollars were scarce on many occasions.

JIM COATS
GUELPH, ONTARIO

Healing sounds

A participant (i.e., patient) in "The Twentieth-Century Plague" [April/May 2004], I could only wince at the pictures of the iron lungs lined up on pages 35 and 36.

I was whisked away to the contagious-disease hospital in Montreal at the age of seventeen with an attack of polio and put in a glass cubicle. This was in 1953. I have a lasting impression of the "switching" sounds I heard then in the next ward. I was convinced that I was right next to the laundry and that the washing machines kept me awake all night. If it was not the washing machine it was the crying of at least a dozen children also in the cubicle ward. After the first night, I asked the nurse if I could be moved away from these rhythmic washing machines.

This brought an initial confused look on

her face, then a smile. "That's not the laundry, it's the iron lungs you hear." This was my introduction to the life-saving functions of the iron lungs. I am so thankful that I avoided the bulbar aspect of polio and that I am reasonably mobile today.

Like many survivors of polio, we are now experiencing in our latter years various degrees of postpolio syndrome. It's a fatigue and pain in some cases which are reminiscent of the initial attack.

HARVEY R. BRYANT
BRANTFORD, ONTARIO

Terrible tunes

Your article about Bobby Gimby and his famous song, "CA-NA-DA," [June/July 2004] really got my attention. I grew up with The Happy Gang, which included Bobby Gimby, thanks to my mother who listened to their program faithfully through all their radio years. However, your praise of Gimby's song has caused me to reexamine my own musical tastes, which run the gamut of Celtic, Baroque, medieval, and some others. But from the time I first heard "CA-NA-DA," I considered it one of the worst tunes ever to assault my ears—so-o-o bad that I never endured it long enough to consider the lyrics.

There's one other tune (?) that matches it for badness, namely the late Peter Gzowski's opening theme (God rest his soul). What cacophony!

Thanks for letting me sound off about these, with apologies to the late Mr. Gimby.

(REV) E. BRUCE ROSS
DELTA, ONTARIO

Mea maxima culpa

Several readers have pointed out that on page 55 of the April/May edition we have mistakenly labelled the body of water between Vancouver Island and the B.C. mainland the Strait of Georgia, confusing the aqueous channel with Vancouver's enduring alternative publication the *Georgia Straight*. The body of water in question is, of course, the Strait of Georgia. The *Beaver* very much regrets the error. When it comes to this particular bit of geographic nomenclature, we promise from here on in to straiten up and fly right.

In "The Lady and the Bootlegger" (p. 40), the introduction stated that Filumena Losandro was the last woman hanged in Canada, though in fact, she was the last woman hanged in Alberta. Marguerite Pitre holds the former title, executed in 1953 for her role in planting a bomb in an airplane, in which twenty-three people were killed.

More Letters The *Beaver* website offers a new section for letters to the editor. To see letters that may only be available online, go to <www.thebeaver.ca>, and click on "Extra! Extra!" to get to the "Letterbox" section.

LIVING HISTORY

If you're one of the many drivers navigating Saskatchewan's Highway 11 between Regina and Prince Albert, you'll see much more

than open fields and hay bales. Tall metal sculptures commemorating the region's rich history stand along the highway, each one the work of Don Wilkins, a grain farmer with unbridled creativity and a fascination with the past.

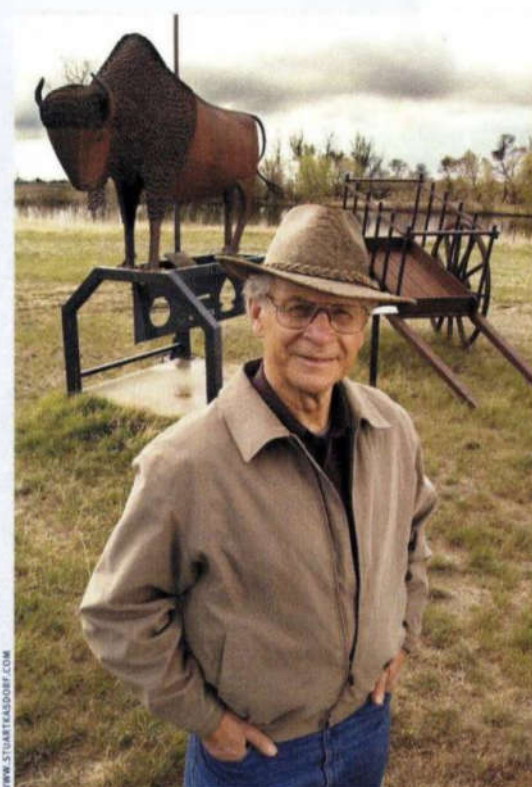
Armed with only a hammer, cutting torch, stick welder, and pry bar, Wilkins, who lives near Girvin, Saskatchewan, has spent the last several winters building a sculptural history of the southern part of the province, particularly focusing on the critical role the Métis people played in the region's settlement. And there's no shortage of history here: at the north end of the three-hundred-kilometre highway the famed Northwest Rebellion took place; at the south end, in Regina, Louis Riel's trial was held. But to Wilkins, the most salient story is that of the everyday Métis people, the establishment of their farming communities, and their skills as hunters, freighters, horse breeders, and translators.

"I've always had an interest in the history of the Métis people, especially the period between 1860 and 1905," explains Wilkins, who has two Métis grandchildren. "There is an important story to tell here, one that I don't think many people know about." To recount the tale, Wilkins has combined this passion for times gone by with his welding expertise (he has remodeled nine antique cars). "I love working with steel, and thought it would be a good idea to use my skills and interests to promote history."

Wilkins's first sculpture went up in 1996—a buffalo and Red River cart that sit near the town of Girvin. Since then, he has added more than a dozen impressive displays to the collection. There is a Métis buffalo hunter from about 1878, gazing out at the horizon at the disap-

pearing herds, and a large white man surveying the land. The ominous, three-metre-high surveyor depicts the anxiety of the Métis of the time, says Wilkins. "They were using the river-lot system and were nervous about the American [square-lot] system taking over."

Wilkins's latest sculpture shows a Métis man holding a buffalo skull next to a horse and cart. "The Métis were a lost people after the Rebellion, and bone-gathering was a way for them to make money." Shipped off via rail, the bones were used for things like fertilizer. In the near future, Wilkins hopes to add a Métis fiddler and a piece called *Birth of a Métis Nation*, the latter to pay homage to Métis women. These will also line the Saskatchewan highway, recently renamed the Louis Riel Trail, thanks to Wilkins and a committee of volunteers who lobbied the government for the change. The group believes the Trail and the statues of the people that crossed it spur interest in local communities. "If we tell the story right, it could be good for the economy."



COLLECTIBLES

I'll trade you one John A. for ...

It's being billed as the world's first-ever trading card series dedicated to Canada's history, and no Google search offered a contradiction, so here you go: if you're into trading cards and if you're into Canadian history, then the



product of two Toronto entrepreneurs, Luanga Nuwame and Daniel Di Bon, both twenty-seven, may be just the thing to keep you usefully preoccupied.

Fresh from the printer, the 2004 Canadian Heritage Trading Card Series (only 5,000 sets available!) features an eclectic choice of Canadians and Canadiana. Sir John A. (natch), Chief Tecumseh, Terry Fox, the beaver (the animal; not the magazine), the polar bear, Niagara Falls, the flag, the national anthem, five-pin bowling, and the zipper, to name a few of the sixty-five. Five-pin bowling? More information is available at <www.canadatradecards.com>.

The Ballad of 99 Euclid Avenue

When Winnipeg's Historical Buildings Committee euphemistically labels a building a "most challenging heritage opportunity," it must be in bad shape.

This particular opportunity is 99 Euclid Avenue, in Winnipeg's Point Roberts neighbourhood. Thought to be the oldest residential home in Winnipeg, the building is known as the Barber House, and the structure predates the city. It's vacant now, fire-damaged, and surrounded by a chainlink fence, but it is structurally sound. And depending on whom you ask, its future is either doomed or secure.

Over the years, the Barber House has been the focus of the efforts of dozens of people and thousands of dollars (up to \$160,000 in the '80s according to the *Winnipeg Free Press*, amongst whispers of the misuse of funds). There's been a lot of squabbling and miscommunication, too, between the various levels of government and residents' associations. There had even been a plaque to commemorate the building, but now only the plaque's rusty post remains.

The irony is that the present owner of the property is the City of Winnipeg, the same body that has recently waged war against decrepit inner-city buildings. The City had rec-



Barber House

ommended that the building be dismantled, but that effort stalled and now the provincial government has offered to fund proposals on how to revive the home.

Edmund Lorenzo Barber was born a New Englander. He travelled far and married well. His father-in-law, Robert Logan, owned the neighborhood, his brother-in-law became a three-term mayor, and Barber became related through marriage to powerful merchants Andrew McDermot and Andrew Bannatyne. Barber was a sometime journalist, sometime merchant who never really succeeded in business. He also stayed too long in a neighborhood that had lost its lustre, turning into a slum before 1900 because of nearby industrial development.

There had been so many additions to his home over its century of habitation without benefit of a single permit that its original design is obscured. Barber House has its charms, though. The City of Winnipeg calls it "a rare surviving link to Winnipeg's past," as well as "a rare urban example of the Red River frame construction method employed by early settlers." The original oak timbers are thought to have been shipped from America by river, and there are design elements thought to originate in Barber's native Connecticut. It's a hybrid of the Prairies and the Eastern seaboard.

There's a story here, too – contradictory claims that the infamous Dr. John Schultz, after escaping Lower Fort Garry in January 1870, escaped to Barber's house, avoiding Riel's troops and vengeful jail guards.

Cindy Sciberras of Heritage Winnipeg says, "A municipally and provincially owned historical home sitting there for fifteen to twenty years, fire-damaged and derelict – it's despicable." She estimates that \$120,000 is needed to save the Barber House. With the results of Winnipeg's municipal election just in, it's too soon to tell whether the city will add a chapter or close the book on the Barber House forever.

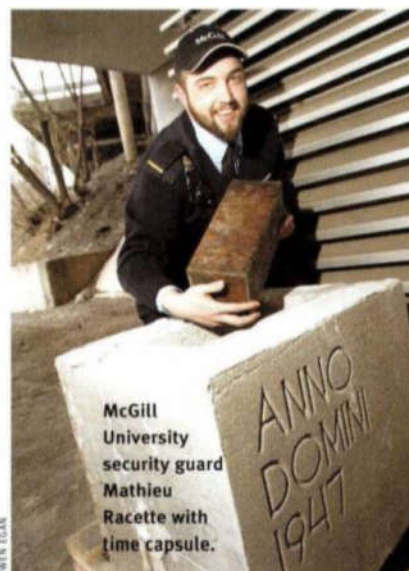
— Jim Chliboyko

Those pesky time capsules

Mathieu Racette knew he had found something special right away. The security guard at McGill University was doing his rounds last October when he wandered over to some old stones, the remains of a building that had been demolished to make way for a new research facility. One in particular caught his eye: etched with the inscription "Anno Domini 1947," there was a rectangular gap on top, filled with rainwater. Looking closer, he saw a metal box inside.

Racette had found a time capsule – and a campus mystery. The block in which Racette had found the box was one of a two-part cornerstone of the old Donner Building, a surgical research facility. The other part of the cornerstone had been incorporated into the Donner's replacement, but somehow the time capsule was missed.

Racette went to university archivist Gordon Burr, who was able to locate a photograph



showing the then-university chancellor placing the capsule in the stone. Frustratingly enough, no other documentation from the time makes mention of the capsule or its contents.

David Covo, director of McGill's School of Architecture said that such cornerstones – and time capsules – used to be very common, though they've fallen out of fashion. The stones were usually placed on the northeast corner of the building, a placement that allowed the sun's rays to strike it on June 24 – St. John the Baptist's Day, the

Take the day off

August 11: To mark the passing 150 years ago of the Union Amendment Act, which made the Legislative Council of Canada elective. Vote early and vote often.

August 23: To commemorate Canada's last known public slave auction, in Montreal, in 1797, where Emanuel Allen was sold. Run free.

September 8: To observe the start of work in 1949 on Toronto's Yonge Street subway line, the first in Canada. Join an underground movement.

September 19: To note the marriage 350 years ago of Jean Aubuchon of Trois Rivières to the youngest bride in Canadian records, Marguerite Sedilot, aged eleven years, five months. Frown disapprovingly.

patron saint of stonemasons.

The McGill cornerstone likely contains documents of some kind – when tilted, a large and evidently cloth-wrapped object can be felt shifting inside. But what to do with it? Lacking any clue as to what may be in the capsule, opinion on campus is divided. Burr wants to make every effort to determine what the box contains from the archival sources. Covo ini-

tially favoured placing the box back in the cornerstone and putting both on display, as a symbol of institutional continuity. If it is to be opened, there should be some sort of ceremony – but what kind?

Racette, who has taken a great interest in the capsule since he discovered it, had another proposal.

"My first idea had been to open it – to see

what it was, and then reseal it, and then put it back with a time capsule from 2004," he said. "That way we could hear the message they had in 1947, and not only comprehend and use it, but pass it on to others with our own message."

Will the time capsule be opened? Will it contain a tap-dancing frog that sings *Hello My Baby*? Stay tuned. —Mark Reynolds

OLDWAYS

In 1795, Napoleon Bonaparte, worried about his malnourished and dying army, offered a prize to anyone who could come up with a

sound way to preserve food for a long period of time. The prize was awarded to Parisian Nicholas Appert who discovered that food boiled in glass bottles, then immediately sealed, could be kept for several months without spoiling. Forty years later and an ocean away, Canada's first cookbook outlined the best ways to preserve summer fruit through the winter.

To keep damsons – Take damsons when they are first ripe, pick them off carefully, wipe them clean, put them into snuff bottles, stop them up tight so that no air can get to them, nor water; put nothing in to the bottles but plums; but put the bottles into cold water, hang them over the fire, let them heat slowly, let the water boil slowly for half an hour, when the water is cold take out the bottles, set the bottles in a cold place, they will keep twelve months if the bottles are stopped tight so as no air nor water can get to them. They will not keep long after the bottles are opened; the plums must be hard.

A new method of keeping apples fresh and good, through the winter and into summer – Take a quantity of pippins, or other good winter apples: take them from the trees carefully when ripe, and before frost, make a hole through each one with a goose quill from stem to eye, fill this with sugar, lay in this position two weeks, till they are a little wilted, then put them in a tight cask, and keep them from freezing.

To preserve plums and cherries, six months or a year, retaining all that bloom and agreeable flavour, during the whole of that period, of which they are possessed when

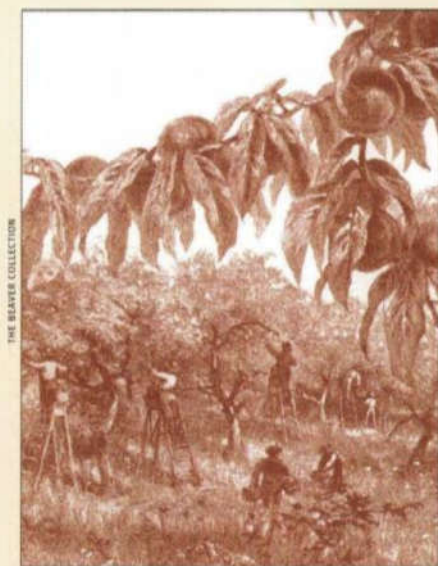
taken from the tree – Take a quantity of plums or cherries a little before they are fully ripe with the stems on; take them directly from the tree, when perfectly dry, and with the greatest care, so that they are not in the least

bruised – put them with great care into a large stone jug, which must be dry, fill it full, and immediately make it proof against air and water, then sink it in the bottom of a living spring of water, there let it remain for a year if you like, and when opened they will exhibit every beauty and charm, both as to the appearance and taste, as when taken from the tree.

To preserve Grapes and other delicate fruits – Bunches of grapes may be preserved for some time in jars; but each bunch should be wrapped up in soft paper, and every layer of these bunches in the jar covered with well dried bran. The mouth of the jar should be covered with a bladder, or the lid be cemented on with a

cement composed of two parts of the curd of skimmed milk and one of lime. But the best method of preserving grapes, is to gather the bunches on the branch to which they are attached, which should be cut about six inches from the bunch, and have both ends of it sealed with common sealingwax. These should then be hung across lines in the fruit-room, taking care, occasionally, to examine them, and clip out, with a pair of scissors, any berries that appear mouldy. If grapes that are not over-ripe be preserved in this manner, they will keep until February. Other and more delicate fruits may also be preserved by wiping them dry to clear away the moisture which they yield after gathering, and then placing them in earthen jars, and covering them with layers of dry sand of about an inch in thickness. Each jar should be well filled, closed with cement, and placed in the fruitroom or a cool place, but where it cannot be affected by frost.

The Cook Not Mad or Rational Cookery, 1831.



THE BEAVER COLLECTION

August 20, 1925: A perfect, sunny day with a light, fair wind. Ice is visible about sixteen kilometres to the west,

but the old, wooden CGS *Arctic* rocks gently at anchor in the bay at Etah on northwest Greenland. Two American schooners, the *Peary* and *Bowdoin*, are anchored nearby.

At two o'clock that afternoon, the commander of the *Arctic*, fifty-two-year-old RCMP Staff Sergeant George Patton Mackenzie, stood on deck waiting.



RCMP Staff Sergeant George Patton Mackenzie (left) meets with Commander Donald B. MacMillan (second from left) aboard the CGS *Arctic*, August 1925.

From where he stood, he could see the three Loening Amphibian biplanes sitting on the rocky beach. They had been transported north and assembled onshore by the MacMillan Arctic Expedition expressly for the purpose of exploring the North Pole.

At that time, planes had a short flying radius. In order to reach the Pole, expedition commanders Richard E. Byrd and Donald B. MacMillan planned to lay caches of fuel and supplies on Ellesmere and Axel Heiberg Islands – on Canadian territory.

The expedition leaders refused to acquire the necessary Canadian government permits to conduct flying operations over the Canadian islands. Asking Canada for permits would imply the United States' recognition of Canada's sovereignty in the High Arctic, which the American government was not willing to recognize. So, Mackenzie was sent to Etah to issue them.

After lunch on August 20, Mackenzie sent his secretary Harwood Steele over to inform Byrd that if he didn't have a permit Mackenzie would, on behalf of the Canadian government, issue him one.

Steele returned and told Mackenzie that Byrd "would see Comm. MacMillan and if, on inquiry, he found that no such permit had been issued, he would come on board the *Arctic* and formally apply for it."

Mackenzie waited. Within an hour, an officious-looking Byrd, in full naval uniform replete with medals and cap, came aboard the *Arctic*.

Mackenzie noted in his diary that Byrd "told me he had just talked the matter of the permit with MacMillan who informed him that a permit had been issued by our Government after they left for the north and the fact had been published in the press."

First Officer L.D. Morin was on deck and Mackenzie called him over as a witness. In front of Byrd, Mackenzie summarized for Morin what

Byrd had told him, and then asked Byrd if his understanding of the conversation was correct. Byrd replied, "Yes. That is correct."

Mackenzie was in a corner. Both expeditions were meeting in Greenland waters, not Canadian. He knew that no permission had been granted to the Americans before the *Arctic* had left Quebec, but because the *Arctic*'s radio had not been working for several days, Byrd's assertion that MacMillan had obtained a permit (presumably being notified of it by radio en route) could not be confirmed or denied. Byrd was also aware that the Canadians' radio had been out of service.

The *Arctic* pulled out of Etah Harbour at midnight. The MacMillan Arctic Expedition left the following day. When he returned south, Mackenzie learned that the MacMillan expedition never had permission to land on Canadian territory, nor had they ever requested any.

Byrd had lied to Mackenzie.

The meeting between Mackenzie and Byrd became known as the Etah Incident. As a result, a letter was sent to Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg on December 21, 1925. It included Mackenzie's description of the meeting with Byrd aboard the *Arctic*, and enclosed affidavits from Steele, Morin, and Mackenzie. These papers, the Canadian government's administrative assertion of authority over the Arctic, provided a paper trail. The United States government was obliged to acquire permits for both MacMillan and Byrd's 1926 and subsequent expeditions to Canada's Arctic.

—Season Osborne

DESIGNATION

I Spy

On CBC TV's *This Hour Has Seven Days* in 1966, Soviet defector Igor Gouzenko wore a protective hood over his face. No such disguise is needed for the latest in commemorations of

Gouzenko's explosive 1945 exposure of spy rings in Canada, the U.S., and Britain – considered by some to be the first significant international event of the Cold War. Last year, the City of Ottawa unveiled a plaque in Dundonald Park, which is across from the

apartment on Somerset Street where Gouzenko and his family lived and where the RCMP kept watch while Soviet agents came looking for the cipher clerk who fled their embassy with over one hundred secret documents. Now federal recog-

nition has come. Should you mosey into Dundonald Park on, say, a Cold War walking tour, you'll find the plaque from the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada commemorating a site of national historic significance.

ON RECORD

When fortune empties her chamber-pot on your head, smile – and say 'we are going to have a summer shower'.

—John Alexander Macdonald, 1875



LOST AND FOUND

A Tale of Two Cups

Now that Flames fever is well finished and the Stanley Cup is won, we

can now turn our attention to Lord Stanley's other cup – no, not his lordship's athletic supporter – but a genuine engraved silver Victorian trophy connected (sort of) to Frederick Arthur Stanley, Baron Stanley of Preston, 16th Earl of Derby, and governor general of Canada from 1888 to 1893, which somehow got lost then miraculously found, praise the Lord.

His lordship was a sportin' chap, dontcha know, and three years before he lent his name to the greatest cup hockey has ever known, he was in Winnipeg linking his name to a rowing cup that time forgot. In 1889, Sir John Christian Schultz, once Louis Riel's nemesis, now lieutenant governor of Manitoba, commissioned a silver trophy for a Winnipeg rowing competition. It was a great confection of filigree and figurines and symbolic whatsits and patriotic thingamies. Schultz named it after himself, but Lord Stanley, on vice-regal junket to the West, got to hand it to the winning oarsmen. Did his lordship eyeball this chalice with Schultz's name engraved on it and think: "Hey, what a good idea!" Maybe. At least that's what members of Winnipeg's Bennett family are entertaining. In 1967, Jean Bennett bought the trophy out of a scrap dealer's truck for nine bucks, thinking it might do for a kids' baseball prize. Instead, the thing lay around the Bennett garage for years, and then passed between brothers Rod and Doug whose intentions to research its history fell, as intentions do, along the wayside. When they finally did troll the libraries and the Internet, they assembled evidence of numerous similarities between the Dominion Hockey Challenge Cup (the Stanley Cup) and the Lieutenant Governor Schultz Challenge Cup, the challenge-cup bit being the least of them. They have since compiled their evidence into a smartly designed booklet, *The Historical Connection Between Rowing and Hockey in Canada*, and set up a website <www.schultzchallengecup1889.com>. But how did the Schultz Cup end up in the trash? Swept away in the 1950 Red River flood, is one theory. Might the cup be reestablished as a trophy for the Winnipeg Rowing Club? Maybe.

INVENTION

Fear not, travellers! Your adventures out on the high seas need not be dangerous – that is, if you bring the right luggage.

John Edlund (clockwise from upper right) with ... inside ... and floating in ... his life-preserving valise.

When the *Titanic* sunk in 1912 south of Newfoundland, the world mourned the deaths of more than 1,500 people, and were outraged by the news that there were not enough lifeboats for all of the passengers on board. As a result, more stringent regulations were established for the number of safety vessels a ship had to carry. But a Canadian inventor had his own idea: passengers could carry their own personal lifeboats – in their suitcase.

Far from any ocean or large body of water, John Edlund (1874–1957) of Claresholm, Alberta, set to creating a device that would ensure the safety of every ship passenger who carried one. Edlund, born in Norway, was a former sailor who had survived three shipwrecks before settling on the Canadian prairies. Moved by the tragic sinking of the *Titanic*, he developed a personal, full-body, life-preserver suit, designed to fold right out of a valise.

If a ship's passengers were threat-

ened, those with such a case could open it, unfold the attached waterproof suit, and climb in. The preserver's leg and arm flippers made it easy for its wearer to walk along the ship's deck and enter into the water. The bag itself protected the swimmer's head and upper body, and a small glass looking-hole let the swimmer see where he or she was going. The device, complete with airlocks, was said to keep its user dry and safe for up to four days, and even had room for some food. And, of course, when not housing a human body, the tote could store clothes and other, more typical, travel items.

Edlund was offered a small fee for his design, but turned it down to pursue a market himself – to no avail. The safety suitcase was profiled in newspapers and magazines across North America, and there was notable interest in it during the First World War, but Edlund's invention never flew (or sailed, if you will).

ON RECORD

The beaver, which has come to represent Canada as the eagle does the United States and the lion Britain, is a flat-tailed, slow-witted, toothy rodent known to bite off its own testicles or to stand under its own falling trees.

—June Callwood



Beatty went west to the Rockies only once. With A.Y. Jackson, for a few weeks in the summer of 1914, he painted scenes along the Canadian Northern Railway line where track



was being laid through the mountains. The two had an adventurous time exploring the newly accessible backcountry on foot, with an eye for the glaciated regions that the railway put within reach. Wrote Jackson in a 1914 letter to a friend: "We had good times in the mountains, exciting ones. We took too many chances, sliding down snow slopes with only a stick for a brake, climbing over glaciers without ropes, crossing rivers too swift to wade by felling trees across them."

painted on small, easily transported wooden panels. *Mountains Near Jasper*, a recent addition to the fine-art collection of the Whyte Museum of the Rockies, is one of the fruits of that trip. A charming, small, oil-painted panel, it depicts a scene somewhere in the Yellowhead, Mount Robson, or Jasper National Park region of the Canadian Rockies. Though Beatty was not a member of the Group of Seven, the Group's influence can be seen in his increasingly vivid colour and brushwork, of which *Mountains Near Jasper* is an ample. Generally though, Beatty's style is more romantic than that of the Group of Seven, who took a more modernist approach. The bold experiments of form and colour that would come definitive of the Group of Seven do not appear in Beatty's work. To some extent, Beatty's landscapes, eclipsed by the stature of the Group, have been overlooked.

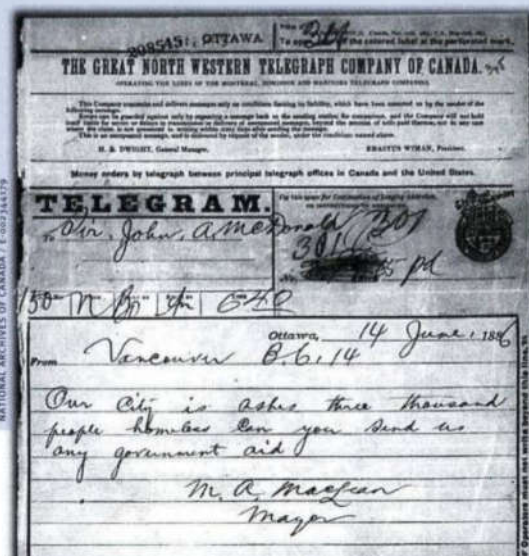
“Our city is ashes. Three thousand people homeless. Can you send us any government aid.” The message was short, to the point.

The telegram was written June 14, 1886—one day after a horrific fire swept through Vancouver. Incorporated only two months earlier, the city had more than one thousand buildings, almost all of which were destroyed by what is known today as the "Great Fire." Fires were, of course, common in the late 1800s, when wooden structures prevailed and there was little in the way of fire-fighting equipment. What made Vancouver's fire unique was the speed at which it moved. "Vancouver didn't burn," reported one eye-

witness, "it exploded." In less than forty-five minutes, the city indeed turned to ashes.

A small crew of Canadian Pacific Railway workers had been using fire to clear land when a powerful wind blew across the heavily forested area south of Hastings. In a matter of minutes, flames jumped from one tree to the next, and then quickly overtook the buildings of the helpless town. The number of fatalities is uncertain. The death toll may have been as high as twenty-eight, though only eight people were confirmed dead. Evidence of more deaths may have been completely destroyed by the fire. Also, there were many transients in the area, whose names would not have been known.

The next day, residents began the reconstruction of their city, and Mayor Malcolm wired Prime Minister John A. Macdonald for assistance. He received an immediate reply with a promise of \$5,000. The city of Vancouver had been brought down in no time, but would be swiftly rebuilt.



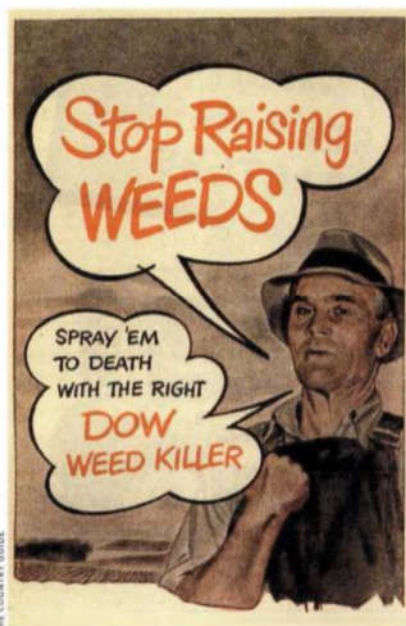
Our thanks to Glenn Dingwall, archivist at the City of Vancouver Archives Division, who provided us with the information.

Clint Evans on

Flawed Science and Good Husbandry

Herbicide-resistant wheat is dead—or at least its introduction into Canada has been put on hold indefinitely. In early May 2004, American agricultural chemical giant Monsanto announced that it had shelved its Roundup Ready wheat program*, citing declining demand for spring wheat and grower resistance as the main reasons. Monsanto's attempt to develop and market herbicide-resistant wheat in Canada has been surrounded by a storm of controversy over the last few years. Farmers have expressed concern over the limited marketability of genetically modified crops and the high level of corporate control associated with producing them. Agricultural scientists have warned of the danger of herbicide-resistant wheat becoming a superweed, and both consumer and environmental groups have sounded the alarm over the unknown consequences of genetic modification for human health and the environment.

All of these are powerful reasons for opposing the introduction of herbicide-resistant wheat to the Prairies. There is, however, another reason that has received little if any press, but which is just as compelling: Roundup Ready wheat and other herbicide-resistant crops are ultimately designed to sustain a style of farming that actively promotes weeds. It is a style of farm-



Ad for 2,4-D herbicide, 1948

ing marked by monoculture ("specialization" in the parlance of today) and a lack of rigorous crop rotations, and it is one that with the aid of a few modifications has dominated the prairie landscape since the start of commercial farming in Manitoba. The story of how this weed-friendly style of farming developed in western Canada highlights the danger of rejecting accumulated wisdom; of seeking a scientific quick-fix to a system that is fundamentally flawed. In 1945 the quick fix was the selective herbicide 2,4-D. Today it is the broad-spectrum herbicide glyphosate (the active ingredient of Roundup) and bio-engineered crops.

The story culminating in Monsanto's delayed bid to introduce herbicide-

resistant wheat into western Canada has its origins in Great Britain. The British Isles provided Canada with its first great wave of immigrants in the mid-nineteenth century. These immigrants brought their crops and farming techniques with them, and they were instrumental in introducing British notions of improved farming or "good husbandry" to both Ontario and the West. They also brought over many plant species that were destined to rank high on Canada's list of worst weeds. These include wild oats, wild mustard, and what one 1870s exponent of British-style good husbandry described as "a Canadian pet," Canada thistle.

The traditional relationship between British agriculturalists and weeds was hardly amicable, but the two had learned to coexist. Over the centuries, British agriculturalists had developed a host of cultural, mechanical, and preventative measures that helped keep weeds in check. Techniques such as crop rotation, row cropping, and weeding of field margins were central to British notions of good husbandry, and while they could not eliminate weeds entirely, if rigorously applied, they could maintain weed populations at acceptable levels. British farmers were taught that weeds were troublesome but inevitable; that weeds only became a serious problem in the absence of good husbandry.

While British farmers and weeds were soon thriving in Ontario, notions of good husbandry failed to take root. More specifically, even though educators, the farm press, and agricultural scientists continued to explore and expound the virtues of good husbandry until the mid-twentieth century, a combination of economic, social, and environmental factors made it difficult for farmers to practise what was being preached. Crop rotation was prohibited by a lack of markets for products other than wheat, careful weeding by the high cost and scarcity of labour, and various other practices simply fell by the wayside as farmers strove to maximize their incomes in order to cover the cost of farm establishment and expansion. The style of farming that developed in Ontario by

*Roundup Ready wheat is wheat that has been genetically engineered to be resistant to glyphosate, which is the active ingredient in Monsanto's herbicide Roundup.

the mid-1800s has since been described as "wheat mining," a system of farming that one 1850s critic argued "is better defined as the absence of any system at all." Imported weeds flourished under this lax regime, and by the 1860s Ontario was facing an unprecedented weed problem.

Ontario-style wheat mining and imported weeds were subsequently transplanted in Manitoba. Manitoba's 1870s settlement boom was spearheaded by immigrants from Ontario who quickly discovered that good husbandry was even more difficult to apply on the Prairies than it had been back home. Local markets were almost nonexistent, the climate was harsher, cropping options were fewer, and it was cost effective to simply break new ground or move on when established fields became choked with weeds. By the late 1890s, according to the *Nor'-West Farmer*, Manitoba farms were so "filthy" with weeds that "it was generally conceded to be the dirtiest province in the Dominion"—a dubious distinction that was soon being challenged by Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Continuous cropping of wheat broken by periodic summer fallowing and cultivation to control weeds continued to dominate prairie farming until the end of World War II. Tools and techniques were modified over time, but the basic wheat-fallow system that was pioneered in Ontario and transported to the Prairies proved extremely durable and resistant to change. Weeds, of course, thrived in the absence of good husbandry. Earlier imports from western Europe and the British Isles were joined by new weeds from Eurasia and eastern Europe, and plants such as Russian thistle and Russian knapweed helped swell the Prairie provinces' burgeoning noxious weed lists. By the early 1940s, weeds had become the leading cause of reduced yields throughout the Prairies, and weed control "the largest part of the cost required in growing crops." The cost of controlling weeds had, in fact, become so great that prairie agriculture was facing a crisis—a crisis that many experts believed

could only be averted by the adoption of good husbandry.

Hindsight tells us that the farming experts of the early 1940s were wrong about good husbandry being the only possible solution to the weed crisis. The edifice of prairie farming did not crumble under the sheer weight of weeds, nor were farmers forced to fundamentally alter the way they farmed. Instead, they were able to carry on farming much as they had because of the 1945 release of 2,4-D. The first truly effective herbicide, 2,4-D was cheap, easily applied, selective in its ability to kill broadleaf weeds in grain crops, and highly compatible with existing practices. It was, in other words, a perfect crutch for a style of farming that was quite literally sowing the seeds of its own destruction. 2,4-D took the Prairies by storm, and within five years of its initial release it was being applied to over thirteen million acres of prairie cropland. A wide range of selective herbicides has since been developed, and today, the vast majority of prairie farmland is treated with one or more herbicides every year.

Herbicides have clearly become a mainstay of prairie crop production, but have they solved the weed problem? The answer is just as clearly, no. Had they solved the problem there would be no need to constantly apply them; there would be no need to embark on expensive research programs to develop genetically modified crops such as Roundup Ready wheat. Roundup Ready wheat has been developed because conventional herbicide treatment has been found wanting. New weeds have appeared, old ones have developed herbicide resistance, and farmers are finding it increasingly difficult to determine which of the many herbicides available need to be applied at different times in the growing season. Roundup Ready wheat promises to do away with this confusion. Glyphosate is a broad-spectrum, nonselective herbicide, which means that it can be used to control all weeds in a crop at all stages of the growth cycle. It is just as effective against

unwanted, self-seeded cereals as it is against broadleaf and grass weeds, and as of yet, its effectiveness has not been seriously limited by the development of herbicide resistance.

Ultimately, however, Roundup Ready wheat is bound to prove a failure. Because glyphosate is nonpersistent and has to be applied repeatedly throughout the growing season, heavy use will inevitably lead to resistance, whether in the form of herbicide-resistant weeds or the growth of previously innocuous plants that already possess a natural ability to resist the effects of the chemical. Then there is the matter of self-seeded crops—crops that have been genetically modified to resist glyphosate. Monsanto has already introduced Roundup Ready canola in Canada, and early indications suggest that it is well on the way to becoming a serious weed. Finally, Roundup Ready wheat is bound to prove a failure because it merely treats the symptom of an underlying malady: a style of farming that actively propagates weeds.

One of the greatest ironies of Monsanto's herbicide-resistant crop program is that it is taking place just as a small but steadily increasing number of prairie farmers are rediscovering good husbandry. Organic farming is really nothing more than a new name for an old system that relies on a combination of cultural, mechanical, and preventative measures to keep weeds at bay. A recent paper by Ian Cushon, an organic farmer in Saskatchewan, suggests that organic agriculture is an economically viable option for the production of field crops on the Prairies. Moreover, it is a far more sustainable option than the inherently flawed, increasingly chemical-dependent style of farming that has dominated prairie agriculture since the 1870s, and that has created a market for such ill-conceived products as herbicide-resistant wheat. ■

Clint Evans is a research associate in the Department of History at the University of British Columbia who is currently working on an interchange with the Department of Justice Canada. He is the author of *The War on Weeds in the Prairie West: An Environmental History*, published in 2002 by University of Calgary Press.

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

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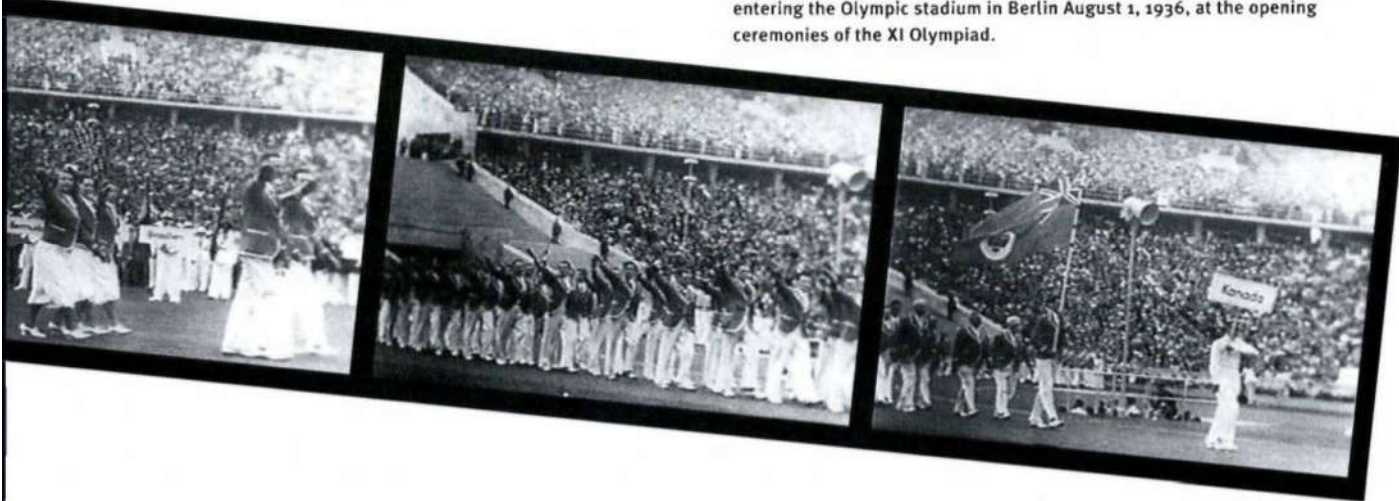


STRANGE SALUTE

Their host was a Nazi dictator, but Canadian athletes at the 1936 Berlin Olympics thought good manners should prevail.

by James M. Pitsula

Frames from Leni Riefenstahl's film *Olympia*, showing the Canadian team entering the Olympic stadium in Berlin August 1, 1936, at the opening ceremonies of the XI Olympiad.



The moment was captured in *Olympia*, Leni Riefenstahl's famous documentary film of the 1936 Berlin Olympics. More than one hundred Canadian athletes, smartly attired in crimson blazers with maple-leaf badges, marched into the stadium for the opening ceremonies. When they reached the reviewing stand where Adolph Hitler was seated, they turned "eyes right" and raised their arms in what looked like a Nazi salute. The crowd of over 100,000 spectators roared its approval. The *Toronto Star* reported that the Canadians had saluted "in Nazi fashion"; the *Winnipeg Free Press* proclaimed, "Canadians Give Nazi Salute; Britain Merely 'Eyes Right'"; while the *Regina Leader-Post* echoed, "Canadians in Nazi Salute at Stadium."

The Americans, unlike the Canadians, declined to give any sign of support for Hitler. The headline in the *New York Times* read "100,000 Hail Hitler; U.S. Athletes Avoid Nazi Salute to Him." The article explained that prior to the ceremony the protocol of the salute had been a subject of intense debate among the members of the American Olympic team. Some of the athletes made it clear that they "did not intend to give the German Fuehrer the Hitler salute under any circumstances." The initial plan was for the men to "take off their straw hats and hold them out, with the brims at arms' length," but, after further discussion, they decided to "place their hats flat against the body just below the left shoulder and march past with eyes right." The women turned eyes right, but kept their arms at their sides.

In addition to withholding the salute, the Americans did not lower the flag when they passed Hitler's reviewing stand, the only country not to do so. This was because of a U.S. tradition not to dip the Stars and Stripes before foreign rulers. The courtesy had not even been extended to King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra at the Olympic Games in London in

German citizens saluting Adolf Hitler (left) at the opening of the summer Olympics in Berlin, August 1936.

1908, a mark of disrespect that had been duly noted in the British press. In Berlin in 1936, a portion of the crowd whistled loudly when the U.S. team

passed the reviewing stand. Since whistling is a sign of disapproval in Europe, this was interpreted as an indication of the crowd's displeasure. A prominent German journalist said he "was positive that the warbling was of the barbed variety," adding, "You must excuse them [the Germans who whistled] because they don't understand America's rule that its flag must not be dipped." According to another account, the whistles emanated from a section of the stands occupied by several hundred "Brown Shirts," the S.A. storm troopers who were among the most ardent Nazis. Another observer suggested that the whistling had actually come from Americans in the audience, who whistled, not to show disapproval, but rather to cheer their team in the American style. Whatever interpretation is correct, it is evident that the Americans did not receive the rapturous reception accorded the Canadians.

The *Winnipeg Free Press* on August 5, 1936, published a story that threw additional light on the salute issue. A.E.H. Coo reported that "the Canadian Olympic team did not give the Nazi salute when they passed before Der Fuehrer at the opening in the stadium last Saturday; that is, they did not intend to give the Nazi salute. But whatever they did it went over big with the crowd, which went wild." It seemed that the Canadians had given, not the Nazi, but the Olympic salute. The two were almost identical except that in the former the arm is extended straight ahead and at eye level, while in the latter the arm is extended slightly to the right and pointed skyward. A photograph of the opening ceremonies at Amsterdam in 1928 shows athletes giving the Olympic salute as they pass the reviewing stand, as does a photo of the athlete who delivered the Olympic oath at the Antwerp Games in 1920. It is easy to see how the two salutes could be confused. When the Olympic salute is given as the saluter turns eyes right, it looks very much like the Nazi salute. Nonetheless, a close examination of Riefenstahl's film of the Berlin Olympics reveals that the Canadian salute was different from the one given by the German athletes. The Germans stretch out their arms straight ahead, while the Canadians extend their arms to the side and at a higher angle.

The *Regina Leader-Post*, taking its cue from the *Winnipeg Free Press*, ran a story titled, "Only Half-Nazi Salute By Canadians in Berlin." An editorial conjectured that the Canadians were just being polite, "doing in Rome as the Romans do ... an act of courtesy in the approved style obtaining in Germany today. It suggested courtesy and good will." It would be "assuming too much to suggest that there was enthusiasm for Nazism, for dictatorship or anything of that sort." The editorial concluded with the hope that the games would contribute to international understanding and peace. "All will compete and intermingle as true sportsmen. May their example spread into the chancelleries of the world and around the earth."

P.J. (Pat) Mulqueen, the chairman of the Canadian Olympic Committee, who marched in the parade at the head of the athletes, explained to a *Winnipeg Free Press* reporter that: "It wasn't actually the Nazi salute. The outstretched right hands of the Canadians pointed skyward rather than forward. It was merely a salute toward Herr Hitler." Mulqueen said that Canadian officials "tried to get in touch with the British team to learn their parade plans, and that British officials attempted to reach the Dominion team's leaders for the same purpose. When we went to the parade grounds, neither team knew what the others planned. We did what we thought was right." The British were well aware of the politics of the salute. They had given what they thought was the Olympic salute at the opening ceremonies of the winter Olympics, held in Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany in February 1936, and had been disconcerted to hear over the loudspeaker: "The British greet the German Fuhrer with the German Salute!" They were determined to avoid having their gesture misconstrued a second time.

Mulqueen had been in attendance at the winter Olympics, where the Canadian athletes, like the British, had given the Olympic salute, but for some reason he did not pick up on the significance of the incident.¹ Instead of dropping the salute at the summer Olympics, he said that he tried to ask the British for guidance. The story that he had been unable to get in touch with the British delegation before the opening ceremonies in Berlin may be true. The Canadians were housed on the east side of the Olympic Village, quite a distance from the British, who were on the west side. On either side of the British were the Australians and the New Zealanders, neither of whom gave the Nazi or Olympic salute. In the same vicinity as the Canadians in the village were Bulgaria, Bermuda, Iceland, and Afghanistan, all of whom saluted. The Bulgarians even goose-stepped in front of Hitler.

The confusion about the salute continued long after the

Berlin Olympics were over. Tom Pendelburg, a member of the Canadian basketball team that won a silver medal, later said, "We used the Nazi salute, performed on the instruction of (manager) Sam Manson as a gesture of friendship." Team supporter Percy McCallum added, "The Nazi salute in Germany is equivalent to handshaking in Canada—a gesture of friendship." Jim Worrall, a hurdler who carried the Canadian flag (at that time the Red Ensign) into the stadium and who later served as a Canadian representative on the International Olympic Committee, attributed the salute to "the innocence of the senior officials on the Canadian team. ... Certainly we had used the Olympic salute at earlier games like Los Angeles and our officials simply told us to do the same thing again. Nobody objected at the time because nobody thought it was political." Ab Conway, a member of the Canadian track team, had yet another version of what happened. According to his account, the Canadians decided to give the Olympic salute: "Not the Nazi salute, the Olympic salute. But the Nazis had taken it over. We decided that we were not going to let them do it, that the Olympic salute was the Olympic salute and we were going to give the Olympic salute."

The spectators in the stadium apparently assumed that the Canadians gave the Nazi salute, as did Leni Riefenstahl who filmed the event. Although fifty nations participated in the opening ceremonies, she chose to show only eleven teams marching into the stadium, one of which was Canada. It is unlikely that the Canadians were included for any reason other than that they gave the salute. The teams entered in alphabetical order, except for Greece, the originator of the Olympics, who came first, and Germany, the host country, who came last. Riefenstahl, however, does not adhere to the alphabetical order. She presents the teams entering the stadium in a sequence of her own devising: Greece, Sweden, Britain, India, Japan, USA, Canada, Italy, France, Switzerland, and Germany. Of these Greece, Canada, Italy, France, and Germany give either the Nazi or Olympic salute, and in each case the film has the crowd responding with a distinct roar. The other teams simply turn eyes right or doff their hats.

Riefenstahl groups most of the saluting countries towards the end of the entrance parade, and, even though the United States was actually the second last team to enter, she places it in the middle, *before* rather than *after* Canada. The Canadian salute is made to compensate for the American nonsalute. After Canada come Italy, France, Switzerland, and Germany—saluters all, except for Switzerland. The entrance march of the athletes comes to a stirring climax, with the crowd growing more excited until finally the German athletes enter, moving "like a great machine." At this moment the music changes from a march tune to two German national songs, "Deutschland über alles" followed by the Horst Wessel song. Riefenstahl skillfully inserts Switzerland into the final group of athletes, partly to relieve the tension of the final build-up and partly to disguise the propaganda.

¹Though the 1936 winter Olympics had its share of controversy, media coverage was minor compared to the summer event. Estimates place twelve hundred foreign journalists at the Berlin Games, with radio coverage reaching 300 million listeners, making the 1936 summer Olympics one of the largest international media events to that date in history.

for Hitler. The Canadian athletes, wittingly or unwittingly, helped her make propaganda.

In another version of the film, the Canadian team is deleted from the opening ceremonies and Austria appears instead. The Austrians, who were absorbed into the Third Reich in March 1938, were fully aware of the political significance of the salute. Six members of the team who were Jewish stated definitely before the ceremony that they "would give Hitler no greeting of any description." During the march-in some of the athletes held "their arms ostentatiously sidewise in the Olympic salute while the majority, including the entire feminine contingent, stretched their arms forward in the Nazi salute." From Riefenstahl's point of view, Austria serves the same purpose as Canada. Both are saluting countries that enable her to achieve the effect she is seeking.

Historians and film critics have debated whether Riefenstahl was an apolitical "artist," who just happened to be making films during the Hitler era, or a Nazi propagandist, whose films were effective precisely because the propaganda was so well camouflaged. David Hinton in his book, *The Films of Leni Riefenstahl*, asserts that she filmed the opening ceremonies of the Olympic Games "in a straightforward documentary manner." This was plainly not the case. Riefenstahl edited the sequence in such a way as to maximize and dramatize the manifestations of support for Hitler. The Canadian athletes, wittingly or unwittingly, helped her make propaganda.

The Nazi salute is significant because it is a nonverbal credo or statement of belief. Nazi ideology was never "a coherent set of intellectual propositions," but rather, as Hitler biographer Ian Kershaw explains, "an amalgam of prejudices, phobias, and utopian expectations." Differences over doctrine or points in the party platform were resolved by the simple expedient of obedience to Hitler. The "fuehrer [or leader] principle" substituted for democratic decision-making processes both within the party, and, later when the Nazis took power, in the adminis-



Leni Riefenstahl with cameraman Walter Frenz, August 1936.

Riefenstahl (1902–2003) came to film in the mid-1920s when an injury sidelined her dance career, first as an actress playing romantic heroines in a Wagnerian light, then, after her fame gained her entrée to Hitler's circle, as a filmmaker. *Triumph of the Will*, a 1934 documentary about a Nazi Party rally in Nuremberg, advanced the filmmaking process with its use of moving cameras, telephoto lenses, frequent close-ups, and use of "real sound" – techniques generally nonexistent in documentary work of the day. But the film, in romanticizing National Socialist ideology, was also a work of blatant proselytizing. For *Olympia*, she assembled a 170-member team of cameramen and technicians and once again her skillful filming and editing techniques broke new ground. Though evidence suggests that Joseph Goebbels's propaganda ministry indirectly financed *Olympia*, students of the film view it as less overtly propagandistic than Riefenstahl's earlier work. While it attempted to present a positive image of the Reich, and its epic celebration of beauty fit into National Socialist ideology, it also, in the face of Nazism's racist dogma, incorporated the gold-medal wins of two African-Americans. As World War II approached, the film was scrutinized for its messages of support for National Socialism and questions arose as to whether an artist as astute as Riefenstahl could be at the same time so politically naive. After the war, declared to be a Nazi sympathizer, she was detained for four years for "de-Nazification." She was not banned from working, but her movie career was over. She spent much of the rest of her long life working in still photography.

tration of the German state. The Nazi salute was the outward sign of inner submission. Hence its critical importance to the regime.

The salute was probably borrowed from the Italian Fascists, who in turn adopted it from Imperial Rome. The Nazis used it as early as 1923, and it became standard in the movement by 1926. When Hitler formed the government, all civil servants were required to give the salute. Those who were unable to raise their right arm because of physical disability had to raise their left arm. The symbolism of the gesture is so powerful that in Germany today it is against the law to give the salute. One can well imagine why, in the context of 1936, crowd members in the Berlin stadium roared when they saw the Canadian athletes give what looked like a "heil Hitler" greeting.

The Canadians were apparently not fully aware of what had been happening in Germany since Hitler was appointed chancellor in January 1933. Within a month of his ascension to power, civil liberties (freedom of speech, of assembly, and of the press, etc.) were extinguished. Shortly thereafter, the Reichstag surrendered its powers, independent trade unions were dissolved, and all parties but the Nazi party were banned. The first concentration camp for the incarceration of political "undesirables" was set up in March 1933 at Dachau, about twenty kilometres from Munich. Also at the end of March the "Aryan Paragraph" was inserted into the "Law for the Restoration of the Professional Civil Service," which led to the dismissal of Jews and political opponents from government jobs. On May 10, 1933, universities across Germany burned books that were unacceptable to the regime. University faculty members raised only a token protest; indeed, many of them attended the bonfires. The poet Heinrich Heine, whose books were among those consigned to the flames, had prophetically written, "Where books are burnt, in the end people are also burnt."

Throughout Germany, the process of *Gleichshaltung* or "coordination" proceeded apace. Clubs, societies, and volunteer organizations of all kinds were brought under Nazi control. These included business and professional associations, sports clubs, choral groups, recreational clubs, and patriotic organizations. Totalitarian regimes do not tolerate private spaces shielded from the realm of politics. In Nazi Germany it was not possible to have even a bowling club that was not "coordinated." The strongest resistance to *Gleichshaltung* came from the churches, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. But even they were intimidated and pushed on the defensive.

On June 30, 1934, Hitler ordered the murder of S.A. chief Ernst Rohm and dozens of other political opponents. The killings were carried out in cold blood without benefit of trial or due process, but nobody in Germany raised a protest. The Nuremberg Decrees in September 1935 made a distinction between "state subjects" and "Reich citizens." Only those of German or related blood could be citizens. This law provid-

ed the framework for the systematic persecution of Jews, including in 1935 a prohibition of marriage and extramarital sexual relations between Jews and Germans. Meanwhile, it was a common occurrence for S.A. storm troopers to roam the streets and brutally assault Jews and political enemies. In the field of foreign policy, Hitler adopted an aggressive stance. He pulled out of the League of Nations and the disarmament talks at Geneva, reintroduced military conscription, and in March 1936, just five months before the start of the summer Olympics, sent troops into the Rhineland. The latter was an open defiance of the Locarno Pact², which Germany had signed in 1925.

The Nazis tried to present a benign face to the world as the Olympics approached. Open anti-Jewish violence was not permitted, and anti-Jewish notices, such as "Jews Not Wanted Here," were removed from the roadside entry to towns and villages. *Toronto Star* correspondent Matthew Halton (father of current CBC reporter David Halton), who provided some of the most insightful coverage of the games, reported that the German propaganda ministry was "devoting millions of dollars and half its energies towards making this summer's games the greatest sporting festival in history and a mighty boost for Nazi Germany." Foreign visitors, Halton added, "will be met with nothing but kindness, mass enthusiasm, and sweetness and light; and most of them will go away without seeing anything of the ugly background behind the façade of this magnificent pageant of sport." Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels instructed Nazi orators to "take a rest until after the Olympics." It was what was known in Germany as the "Olympic pause."

Halton found something unsettling about the atmosphere in Berlin. "Something like religious ecstasy rather than gay, sporting enthusiasm, is the spirit abroad here today," he wrote. "It is impossible to get out of earshot of innumerable loudspeakers, which pour hymns, marches and solemnly rapturous orations into our ears. The announcers speak in that dramatic but holy clerical voice as if the Deity were hiding nearby in one of the clouds which threaten to rain on us any minute." Halton, unlike most of the Canadian reporters in Berlin, was well aware of the political context of the games. He even managed to slip political commentary into an article about Betty Taylor, who won a bronze medal for Canada in the hurdles. "Outside this stadium," Halton noted, "other fights are going on. Spain is being hideously riven by vicious Fascist reaction, and here, in Berlin, Christian pastors are out in the streets boldly distributing leaflets protesting against the Nazi claim that everything the government does is God-inspired. But in this stadium riotous with color, tense with activity, world troubles seem remote."

² Signed by Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Germany, the pact guaranteed Germany's existing frontiers with France and Belgium. Germany was admitted to the League of Nations and the Allies began withdrawal of troops from the Rhineland, which was to remain demilitarized.

The Canadians in Berlin were determined to be nice. On the eve of the opening ceremonies, thirty Canadian athletes participated in a tribute to Germany's war dead, placing a wreath of maple leaves on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. Then on August 4, 1936, four days into the Olympics, P.J. Mulqueen, chairman of the Canadian Olympic Committee, made a presentation of "a piece of crimson strut from the plane of Captain Manfred von Richtofen, famed German Great War ace," to the German Air Ministry. A Canadian had shot down Von Richtofen's plane, and the return of the artifact was meant as a goodwill gesture. Mulqueen declared, "We are returning this strut piece to Germany as a token of friendship and respect by the Canadian Olympic team." Also in early August 1936, W. D. Euler, Canada's minister of Trade and Commerce, was in Berlin trying to negotiate a trade agreement with Germany. Euler met with Hitler, who impressed him "greatly as a leader with an extremely active mind. He [Hitler] strongly emphasized his desire for peace. I am convinced Germany does not want war."

The press in Canada during the Olympics was not particularly hostile to Nazi Germany. There were, however, a few exceptions. We have already noted the perceptive reporting of Matthew Halton. The paper he worked for, the *Toronto Star*, published a hard-hitting editorial on the day the Olympics opened. It said that Hitler had "broken his pledges to other nations times without number. He shot down in cold blood and without trial scores of his closest political associates. He is hurrying to completion the mightiest armed forces that ever existed. There is no room to question his intention to impose upon the rest of the world his power to kill and destroy." The *Toronto Globe* objected to the military tattoo that was held in the Olympic stadium towards the end of the games. Two hundred drummers, 1,750 other band musicians, and 1,400 soldiers, sailors, and members of the air force goose-stepped past Hitler. "The great bowl then darkened and against this background of gloom only four points of light could be seen, one on the Nazi swastika at the east end of the stadium, two falling on Der Fuehrer's standard and the Olympic standard at either end of Hitler's loge, and the final one on the Olympic flame burning at the mouth of the marathon gate." The *Globe* considered the entire display out of place and "so antagonistic to the purpose of an Olympiad that one might be pardoned for doubting that the Nazi Government possessed any of the true spirit of the games at all."

There had been a huge debate in the United States about participation in the Berlin Olympics. The boycott movement drew support from prominent sportsmen (including Jeremiah Mahoney, the president of the Amateur Athletic Union), labour unions, and Jewish organizations. A Gallup poll in March 1935 indicated that 43 per cent of Americans opposed participation. In the end, the AAU voted to attend, but, as we have seen, the American team was sufficiently politicized not to salute Hitler. As sports historian Bruce Kidd has noted,

the Canadian boycott movement was much smaller and had a narrower base of support. Led by the Communist Party, it won endorsements from "individual trade unionists, progressive churchmen and educators, members of left-wing political groups, or persons who had a direct experience with German fascism, such as the various Jewish organizations." Five Canadian athletes boarded a ship on July 10, 1936, to participate in the "People's Olympic Games" in Barcelona, the left-wing alternative to the Nazi Games. Jewish boxers Norman "Baby" Yack and Sammy Luftspring explained their decision to compete in Barcelona rather than Berlin: "Can Canadian sportsmen blame us for refusing to take part in a meet sponsored by people who would humiliate and degrade and persecute us too if we did not have the great fortune of being Canadians. ... We are sure that all true Canadian sportsmen will appreciate that we would have been very low to hurt the feelings of our fellow Jews by going to a land that would exterminate them if it could." The Spanish Civil War broke out on the day the "People's Olympics" were scheduled to begin, forcing their cancellation.

Most Canadians in 1936 were so anxious to keep the peace that they turned a blind eye to what was going on in Germany. The Canadian athletes who marched into the Berlin stadium and saluted Hitler were not out of step with their fellow citizens. Nobody wanted a war, and almost everybody tried to ignore the clear signs it was coming. The truth was visible for anybody who wanted to see it, but Canadians preferred to look the other way. The Canadian Olympic team travelled to Europe in the summer of 1936 on the *Duchess of Bedford*, the same liner that carried a group of First World War veterans en route to France to attend the dedication of the recently completed memorial at Vimy Ridge. Grey-haired soldiers mingled with youthful athletes, two generations of Canadians sharing the delights of a long sea voyage. Little did they know that in three years time their countrymen would be crossing the Atlantic on quite a different mission. ■

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ET CETERA

Leni Riefenstahl's film *Olympia* is available in several edited versions on VHS. The version featuring the Canadian team's entrance, *Olympiad, Volume 1: The Festival of the People*, is available through Timeless Video Inc., P.O. Box 3576, Chatsworth, California, 91311.

Olympia by Leni Riefenstahl. Taschen America, New York, 2002.

The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl, a 1994 documentary by Ray Müller, is available on VHS and DVD.

The Nazi Olympics by Richard D. Mandell. University of Illinois Press, Chicago, 1987.

Three little words. That's all it took.

The Man Who Invented Modern Advertising

by David McDonald

*"Any fool can make soap.
It takes a clever man to sell it."*
—British soap maker Thomas J.
Barratt, 1865.

One spring day in 1904, Albert D. Lasker, a junior partner in the Chicago advertising agency Lord & Thomas, was sitting in the office of his boss, Ambrose Thomas. A messenger came in and handed the older man a slip of paper. The note read something like this: "I am in the saloon downstairs. I can tell you what advertising is. I know you don't know. It will mean much to me to have you know what it is and it will mean much to you. If you wish to know what advertising is, send the word 'yes' down by the bellboy." It was signed by one John E. Kennedy.



John E. Kennedy (1864–1928), alleged former Mountie and famous adman. His view of advertising, which counselled reason and argument over rhyme and slogan, transformed the industry.

Ambrose Thomas's immediate inclination was to dismiss this Kennedy fellow as a crackpot, but Lasker was intrigued. The uninvited caller had unwittingly posed the very question he himself had been pondering, unsatisfactorily, since he had joined Lord & Thomas as a ten-dollars-a-week office boy in 1898. Lasker, a German-born Jew from Texas, had turned out to be something of an advertising wunderkind, and now, at age twenty-four, he commanded a salary of \$52,000 a year. But even the boy genius wasn't sure he could define exactly what it was he did to earn such an astronomical sum.* And it made him uneasy. What *was* advertising?

*Equivalent to over \$900,000 in today's dollars.

Lasker scrawled "yes" on the note and handed it back to the messenger. A few minutes later, an imposing gentleman with a big cookie-duster mustache appeared in the doorway.

"He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life," Lasker later recounted. "He had been a Canadian mounted policeman. He stood six feet full in his stocking feet, every inch of him muscle, with an eye as keen as could be in a man's head and a forehead that showed the student."

The ex-Mountie had just come down from Racine, Wisconsin, where he was employed as an in-house copywriter for the Shoop Family Medicine Co., purveyors of the bestselling snake oil, Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He asked Lasker, "Do you know what advertising is?" And when Lasker was unable to provide an unequivocal answer, John E. Kennedy uttered three words that would change the course of advertising history. Advertising, he said, was "salesmanship on paper."

Two decades later, Lasker remarked how unremarkable those words now seemed. "But," he said, "it was trigonometry then."



Albert D. Lasker (1880–1952) was a pioneer of modern advertising, directing campaigns for such products as Palmolive Soap, Quaker Oats, Pepsodent toothpaste, Kleenex, and Sunkist oranges. As the supervisor of publicity and speechwriting for Warren G. Harding's successful 1920 campaign, he is also considered the first advertising man to be hired by a presidential candidate. In the 1930s, Lasker's company, Lord & Thomas, was the biggest advertising agency in the world.

ence, by argument – in short by reason-why talk."

Certainly, Kennedy was not, nor did he claim to be, the first to advocate a direct, hard-sell approach – the ethically marginal patent medicine industry whence he came had been doing it for decades. But Kennedy was the first to work out a comprehensive set of tenets for it and, with Lasker's help, bring it into the advertising mainstream.

Years later, Al Lasker would declare, with characteristic modesty, that only three things of any importance had ever happened in advertising, and that one was his encounter that day with John E. Kennedy. As the Canadian spoke, the sound of millions of cash registers

ka-chunged in Lasker's head. This was what he'd been searching for. This was what advertising was, and this was the direction advertising needed to go in. The two men talked for hours.

Every revolution needs a catchy slogan or two, and Kennedy, playing Marx to Lasker's Lenin, filled the bill: "Salesmanship-in-Print" (a slight recalibration of his original "Salesmanship-on-Paper") and "Reason-Why Advertising." Lasker,

for his part, mustered the troops and prepared the battle plans.

First, he bought Kennedy's \$28,000-a-year contract from Dr. Shoop's. (L & T had never before paid a copywriter more than about \$30 or \$40 a week.) And, for the next year or so, Kennedy served as Lasker's personal tutor. The pair would remain after office hours, Kennedy drumming his notions of advertising into his boss's eager brain.

In the meantime, Lasker put Kennedy's theories to the test. Among L & T's clients was the "1900" Washing Machine Co., of Binghamton, N.Y. At the time, the company was so unimpressed with the power of advertising they were thinking of abandoning the practice altogether.

Lasker showed Kennedy a typical "1900" ad, picturing a distraught housewife on a chain. The copy moaned: "Whether a housekeeper does her own washing or not, the worry and work connected with 'Blue Monday' literally chains her to the Wash-Tub." Lasker asked Kennedy what he thought was wrong with the ad.

Before Lasker met Kennedy, advertising and publicity were pretty much the same thing. The accepted strategy in the industry was simply to place the client's name before the public – and, in the words of one very successful adman of the day, to keep "everlastingly at it." Beyond that, advertisements were typically padded with vague copy, overly clever slogans, inane jingles, and pretty illustrations, often with only the flimsiest connection to the item being sold. Indeed, the idea persisted that too much talk about the actual product bordered on the unseemly.

But then, seemingly out of nowhere, came Kennedy, who insisted effective advertising must be nothing more and nothing less than "a rational, unadorned instrument of selling." It must replicate, in simple, straightforward language, what a good salesman might say face to face. Above all, it must offer the consumer a logical reason to buy a product. "Conviction," Kennedy would later say, "is not produced by bare affirmation, but by proof, by infer-

"You are speaking negatively," Kennedy replied. "Every woman doesn't feel chained to the wash tub; lots of women might enjoy it. You miss her entirely. Second, the average woman is put in the position of a drudge. ... She won't know it consciously, but subconsciously she won't want to ... admit that she has been reduced to such bestial servility."

Lasker asked his mentor to come up with a "reason-why" pitch for the "1900". Kennedy's headline read: "Let this Machine do *your* Washing Free." The illustration showed an unfettered housewife relaxing in a rocking chair while turning a washer crank with one hand. The prolix copy explained how the machine could practically put cash in one's effortlessly laundered pocket. Within eight months, "1900" Washers had, according to Lasker, doubled or tripled their plant capacity and become one of the three or four largest advertisers in the United States. "We saw more clearly than ever," Lasker said, "that basically it is copy that makes advertising pay."

At the turn of the twentieth century, most manufacturers and retailers prepared their own advertisements, with agencies often doing little more than brokering space in various publications. Now Lasker set about making Lord & Thomas primarily a service agency, as opposed to a run-of-the-mill placing agency. And it would be an agency where Kennedy's theories of copy were king.

Lasker turned some upstairs office space into the world's first school for copywriters. The room was divided into nine eight-by-ten-foot cubicles, and

Are You Chained To The Wash Tub



Whether a housekeeper does her own washing or outsources the work, she is chained to the wash tub. Let us send you the

"1900" Ball Bearing Family Washer

FREE TRIAL

Freight prepaid. No money or promise of any kind is required. Use it for 30 days, then if you do not wish to purchase return it at our expense. We pay the freight both ways. Unlike all other washers, the "1900" sends the water through the clothes and washes them absolutely clean in six minutes with no wear at all on the garments or the operator. Perfectly adjusted Ball Bearings do the same for it as for the best clothesline, it works with the effort.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY FREE TO YOU FOR THIRTY DAYS

Write today for full information and Free Catalogue.

"1900" Washer Co., 22 Henry St., Binghamton, N.Y.

Lasker used them to hothouse some bright young newspapermen he had hired in hopes that Kennedy could turn a couple of them into genuine copywriters.

Only it turned out that the big ex-Mountie with the bold opinions was incapable of addressing an audience. He simply froze up. So Lasker drilled the recruits himself. One of them, J. George Frederick, later compared the Kennedy doctrine to Martin Luther's Reformation. It was, he said, an

"epoch-making rebellion in copywriting aimed at an appeal to reason and intelligence rather than the time-honoured assumption that the public was a mass of dumb, driven sheep." Thus L & T created the first systematically trained copywriting staff anywhere. "This accomplished," Lasker said, "our business began its real growth."

In Kennedy, Lasker had found not only a guru at whose feet he himself sat, but a highly marketable product: the master himself. It was all a bit Barnumesque. Lasker vigorously promoted the notion that L & T had in its stable the world's most gifted and expensive copywriter (within two years, he was paying Kennedy \$75,000), a genius who had discovered, in the words of one advertising historian, "the magic ingredient that distinguished Lord

& Thomas from lesser agencies that were able to offer only futile 'sloganizing.'"

Lasker also published Kennedy's lessons in a hugely popular series of advertisements, and then in the pamphlets *Reason-Why Advertising* and *The Book of Advertising Tests*, which L & T used to recruit clients. (*Reason-Why*, featuring Kennedy's distinctive, typographically driven style—the



Let this Machine do your Washing Free.

There are Motor Springs beneath the tub. These springs do nearly all the hard work, when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does. There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub. These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

Twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900" Washer.

A child can do this in six to twelve minutes better than any able washer-woman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard. [Continued.]

Behind the scenes, most of Kennedy's colleagues were glad to see the Columbus of advertising shove off.

sensation of which one commentator likened to riding in a wagon with a lopsided wheel—begins: "Advertising should be judged *only* by the goods it is conclusively *known* to sell, at a given cost. Mere *Opinions* on Advertising Copy should be excluded from consideration. Because *opinions* on Advertising are conflicting as *opinions* on Religion.")

To show how hungry America was to learn what advertising was, in response to those advertisements, it was nothing for us to receive hundreds of letters a week," Lasker said. "I doubt if there were 10 per cent of the big manufacturers and advertisers of America who did not write us at that time." Lord & Thomas soon became the No. 1 agency in the United States, and Lasker was well on his way to becoming the richest individual in advertising history. But, by then, Kennedy had worn out his welcome.

Said Lasker at the time of Kennedy's 1906 departure: "It was our good fortune that he came to us as the instrument through which to make known his principles to the world. But we also are ... entitled to be given the credit, just as they have to give the credit to Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand for sending Columbus on his trip."

Behind the scenes, most of Kennedy's colleagues were glad to see the Columbus of advertising shove off. Among the charges levelled at him were these: He was crude and ill-mannered; he did not accept authority or criticism well; he was a painfully slow worker who couldn't handle the pressure of deadlines; he was extremely vain, temperamental, insecure, moody, and morose—in short, a major load. Ambrose Thomas, for one, had had such a visceral reaction to Kennedy that he had assented to his hiring only on condition he never had to see him.

Congeniality aside, one suspects Kennedy had simply outlived his usefulness. Lasker had a reputation for being able to put up with just about anybody as long as they were adding to the company's profits. But, having milked Kennedy of his theories of advertising, Lasker could no doubt find more agreeable, productive, and less expensive individuals to implement them.

Publicly, Lasker always went out of his way to credit Kennedy for his own success. Even in later years, he called their brief collaboration "the most memorable thing" in his whole life. But, privately, Lasker's praise was accompanied by a puzzled shake of his head. "He could

have been something," he once said. "Something was wrong that Kennedy didn't become one of the great men of the ... commercial world."

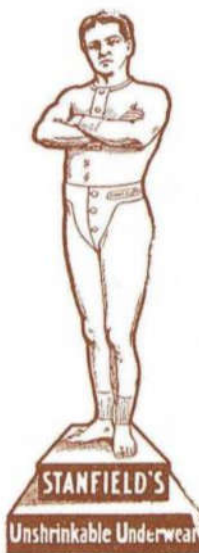
Although he went on to a lucrative career after L & T, Kennedy never again created a fraction of the buzz he had during those few, heady years in Chicago. "Mr. Kennedy is a one-idea man," concluded the trade journal *Advertising & Selling* in 1909. "But his is a great idea."

In the late 1990s, when the twentieth century began to look back on itself, Kennedy's contributions to the development of his profession did not go unnoticed. He was inducted into both the American Advertising and American Marketing Halls of Fame, and he was chosen by *Advertising Age*, along with such media luminaries as William Paley, Henry Luce, and William Randolph Hearst, as one of the century's top 100 people.

With each posthumous honour, however, about the only personal information that emerged about Kennedy was this: Born 1864 in Ontario; one-time member of the North-West Mounted Police; former employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg; died in Michigan, 1928. That's about it.

It happens that John Ernest Kennedy was born July 7, 1864, probably in Pembroke, Ontario, a lumbering town on the Ottawa River, about 150 kilometres upstream from the nation's capital. He was the eldest of six children of farmers Nicholas and Catherine Kennedy, of nearby Allumette Island, Quebec, the largest island in the Ottawa River. The young Kennedy attended a Catholic elementary school and a public high school in Pembroke. At age eighteen, so legend has it, he joined the Mounties.

The next hard evidence we have of Kennedy's whereabouts is the federal census of 1891, in which he yet appears as at least a nominal resident of Allumette Island, occupation: commercial traveller. Then, in late 1891 or early 1892, Kennedy landed a job with the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg. On July 29, 1892, three weeks after his twenty-eighth birthday, he boarded a CPR train to head back east to get married. His bride was twenty-seven-year-old bookkeeper Sarah Cavanagh, called Sadie, whom he had met while previously employed in the dry-goods business in her home town of Brockville, Ontario. The Kennedys would eventually have five children of their own.



The couple spent the first three or four years of their marriage in Winnipeg, where Kennedy appears to have been in charge of advertising at the HBC's flagship store and also to have begun his inquiries into the nature of his craft.

In the spring of 1894, he wrote Charles Austin Bates, an influential columnist with the trade journal *Printers' Ink* in New York, requesting a critique of a flowery newspaper ad he had written for the HBC. ("Aye, a veritable fairyland ... ! Looking down long avenues of dress fabrics and through dreamy, hazy vistas of cloudy laces and shimmering silks, which rival in colouring and variety the wealth of summer and autumn's rich array.") Bates, an early proponent of advertising as straightforward business news, cited Kennedy's submission as an example of really bad copy. "It has often occurred to me," he deadpanned, "that it is not a good idea to be too original."

A defensive Kennedy shot back, claiming Winnipeg readers, "tinged with English ideas of tone and business propriety," preferred his rococo canoodlings to everyday business language. Moreover, he argued, advertising need only draw customers into a store; it was up to sales staff to move the actual goods. Nonetheless, Bates's thumbs-down review was almost certainly the kick in the pants that would start Kennedy in the direction of Salesman-ship-in-Print and Reason-Why Advertising.

After three or four years in Winnipeg, Kennedy was bursting with ideas of his own, and he and Sadie moved back east to try them out. In Montreal, Kennedy devised a highly successful campaign for footwear manufacturer George T. Slater & Son, based on no-nonsense pricing—he even had Slater stamp retail prices right into the soles of their shoes—and a money-back guarantee.

But Kennedy's real interest during those fin-de-siècle years was his highly innovative "Fit-Reform Wardrobe." His frontline



experience in dry goods had impressed upon him how difficult it was for most men to find a well-fitting off-the-rack suit. Fit-Reform offered almost-ready-to-wear garments in not one or two, but ten basic cuts, which could further be altered on site to create a tailored fit for about half the \$40

cost of a typical bespoke suit.

For Fit-Reform, Kennedy hooked up with E.A. Small & Company, a manufacturing tailor in Montreal, and by July 1897, his brand of "tailorized" clothing was ready to do battle with what he dismissively termed the "sentimental tailorism" that dominated the quality menswear market.

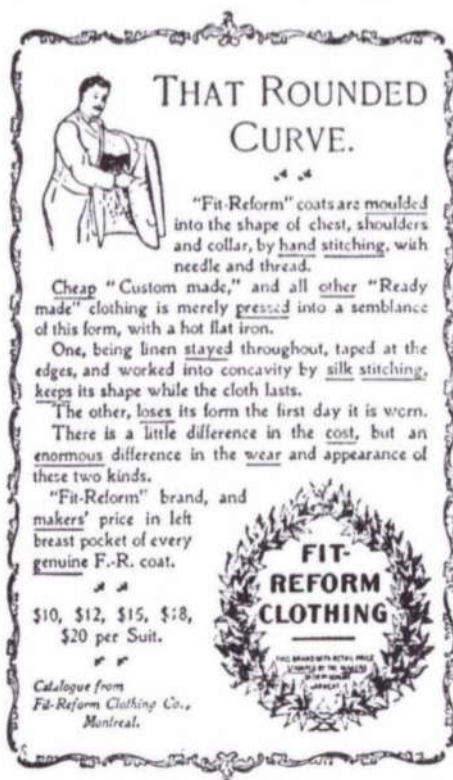
Kennedy's writing style had undergone a radical overhaul since his humiliation in *Printers' Ink*, and his copy for both Slater Shoes and Fit-Reform featured many of the reason-why arguments that would revolutionize the American advertising industry a decade later. The orders poured in.

Kennedy awarded merchants in smaller centres exclusive rights to Fit-Reform in their areas, while setting up The Kennedy Co. to serve the major markets of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Ottawa himself. At the turn of the century, he seemed to be well on his way to creating a significant retail empire.

But something happened. By 1901, no trace of The Kennedy Co. remained. And that year John E. Kennedy left Canada for good.

He spent the next few years writing advertising copy in Boston and New York, before moving on to Racine and then Chicago.

After his momentous sojourn at Lord & Thomas, Kennedy resumed his peripatetic ways. He ran his own agency in New York. He oversaw advertising for a Baltimore department store. He even rejoined L & T for a short time. But mostly, he freelanced, working as a consultant to numerous ad agencies and cranking out copy for such



major clients as Quaker Oats, Armour Star Ham, and B.F. Goodrich Tires. He also continued to write, penning another slim volume, *Intensive Advertising*, in 1914. It, along with his earlier works, is still in print, part of the canon of advertising.

After the Great War, Kennedy moved to California, where he reinvented himself as a land broker in an attempt to cash in on the Los Angeles property boom of the 1920s. By then he was largely a forgotten figure in the advertising world, his once revolutionary concepts having become conventional wisdom.

Sometime in the mid-1920s, Kennedy told an interviewer he didn't mind if others had achieved greater fame with his ideas than he himself had. "Anyone may have my share of the glory," he boasted, not altogether convincingly, "for I have over \$2 million worth of consolation with which to soothe my wounded feelings."

John E. Kennedy died of pancreatic cancer January 8, 1928, in Michigan's Battle Creek Sanitarium. He was sixty-three. But even then he didn't stay put. He was buried in St. Raymond's Cemetery, Bronx County, New York.

Ten years after his death, *Printers' Ink*, in its fiftieth anniversary edition, named Kennedy "the major prophet of the new order" in advertising. It also remembered him as "a man of huge physique and forceful personality," and as "a former member of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police."

In a cardboard box at the National Archives of Canada there is a slim North-West Mounted Police file in the name of "Kennedy, J." The musty folder contains a couple of letters inquiring about John E. Kennedy's Mountie career, one, written in 1939, from a curious Winnipeg advertising executive, the other, dated 1946, from an author in Pasadena, California. On both occasions, the RCMP wrote back to say that, owing to the loss of files in a fire, they had little information on Kennedy apart from the fact that he was a constable and his service was of short duration. What the replies do not reveal is the substance of a handwritten notation next to "cause of discharge" on Kennedy's service record: "Deserted on Missouri river ... 1882."

A deserter? It hardly seems credible that Kennedy would openly advertise his Mountie background if

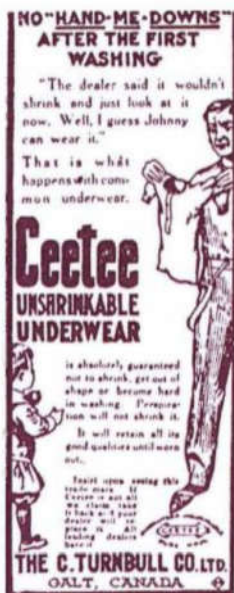
We are left with the equally troubling conclusion that our renowned ex-Mountie was never a Mountie at all; rather, he was a fraud, a phony, an impostor.

those years who remotely fit John E. Kennedy's description or circumstances, we are left with the equally troubling conclusion that our renowned ex-Mountie was never a Mountie at all; rather, he was a fraud, a phony, an impostor.

Might Kennedy's apocryphal past have begun, then, as a bit of bluster from the mouth of an insecure farm boy from Allumette Island trying to make his mark in the United States? Might the Mountie myth have been part of a campaign by master salesman Albert D. Lasker to further inflate the mystique surrounding his unlikely discovery from the Great North Woods?

Regardless, it was thanks to the improbable conjunction 100 years ago in Chicago of the prime suspects in this deception—a counterfeit Mountie from the Ottawa Valley and a German-born Jew from Texas—that, as American adman John O'Toole has written, "the real energy of advertising was unlocked, its enormous potential tapped, and its true nature revealed." ■

David McDonald is an Ottawa writer and filmmaker. He is currently working on a documentary film about the Klondike Big Inch Land Co., a 1955 Quaker Oats cereal-box promotion. He can be reached at <davidm@achilles.net>.



ET CETERA

Taken at the Flood: The Story of Albert D. Lasker by John Gunther. Buccaneer Books, New York, 1990.

The Mirror Makers: A History of American Advertising and its Creators by Stephen Fox. William Morrow and Company, Inc., New York, 1984.

Red Greenhorn



YOUSUF KARSH / NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-109545-110

Little in Dorise Nielsen's background foretold a life in radical politics. She was born Dorise Webber in Stoke Newington, a working-class neighborhood of London, in 1902, the youngest child of a carpenter-builder father who died when she was six. Her family was Church of England; her mother, she later said, always voted Tory. Despite what might be expected to be privations with the death of a breadwinner, she was able to attend a progressive school and attend a two-year teaching college. After graduation, she taught in London for three years, but living with her widowed mother and a widowed sister did not suit her adventurous spirit. Though the affiliation later embarrassed her, she joined the Fellowship of the Maple Leaf, an Anglican organization that sent British teachers to the Prairies to try and maintain the British character of the region. She arrived in Saskatchewan in January 1927 and almost immediately married Peter Nielsen, a son of Danish immigrants and a World War I veteran ten years her senior. Theirs was not a successful partnership. Though they agreed on political questions (they were both early members of the CCF, though it is not clear if he ever joined the Communist Party), he was less educated and less driven than she. By the time Dorise stood for election in 1940, their marriage was dissolving.

In May 1940 a tall dark-haired woman with a British accent boarded a train in Saskatoon and made her way to Ottawa with her three children. The woman's name was Dorise Nielsen and she had just become the member of Parliament for North Battleford, one of Canada's largest and poorest constituencies. She had been elected by a group of CCF, Social Credit, and Communist supporters who called themselves the United Progressives. They had been working for two years to oust the Liberal incumbent, and they had won a stunning victory.

Nielsen was the only woman elected that year, and although she refused to admit her allegiance at the time, she was the first Communist to sit in Canada's House of Commons.¹

Four nights a week Dorise caught a bus home late after the evening sitting. Once that first summer, as she left Parliament, a man standing outside at the bottom of the steps greeted her rather warmly, so she smiled and said hello. She thought maybe she should know him—there were far too many faces to remember. He could be a journalist or another member, waiting for his ride. The next thing she knew he moved closer and whispered: "Are you lonesome, sister?" She wanted to laugh. No, not lonesome, she thought, and not in the mood for anything but sleep.

The House sat from three in the afternoon until eleven at night. In the mornings there was mail to answer and the odd committee meeting to attend. Through the summer of 1940, Dorise seldom missed a sitting. She was there for the announcement June 10 that Norman Rogers, the minister of National Defence, had just died in a plane crash on his way back from Toronto. She had sympathy for Mackenzie King that day as he broke the news, and then there was the family, the woman left with three children. She went down with the others a few days later when the coffin was set in the front lobby for a short memorial service. The sitting was shortened half an hour that day; otherwise Parliament ploughed on as the Liberals pushed through bill after bill, granting the government massive appropriations and unheard-of power to fight the war.

Even worse than Mackenzie King's long-winded speeches were the constant "verbal spitballs" shot between the Liberal and Tory benches. The grimmer the war news, the more the Tories harped for King's resignation and demanded that the

¹ Nielsen later admitted that she was a member of the Party before she was elected in 1940, and the Party acknowledged that she was its first member elected to Parliament in several of its histories.

by Faith Johnston **In 1940, the people of North Battleford, Saskatchewan, voted Dorise Nielsen to the House of Commons – Canada's first Communist MP. Only they didn't know it.**

government crack down on any group whose loyalty was questionable. Some wanted all 16,643 Germans and Czechs who had registered as enemy aliens to be put in camps. On June 10, when Italy entered the war, Italians were added to the list. How Dorise hated all this stirring up of racial hatred. She was astonished at the time wasted in useless quibbling. The Liberals had the majority to manage the war, to manage the country, just as they saw fit. There was no getting around that fact.

The earnestness of the western progressives often seemed out of place in Ottawa. Sandy Nicholson, another member from northern Saskatchewan, showed his snapshots of children shoeless in the snow. She read snippets from letters she had received – from the couple whose relief had been cut to \$4 a month, from teachers describing conditions she knew so well – salaries unpaid, half a dozen books for the whole school, childhood accidents and illnesses unattended until the parents feared imminent death. What did this world have to do with war contracts and points of order and points of privilege? Poor George Castleden, the new CCF member for Yorkton, was censured for reading his first speech. And there were always some smirks on the opposite benches when the bumpkins spoke and often many Liberal absentees. It seemed the only way to accomplish anything was by lobbying individual ministers.

"I had a short interview with Norman McLarty, Minister of Labour, the other day," Nielsen wrote to Violet McNaughton, the women's editor of *The Western Producer*. "He is going to send a federal and provincial inspector ... to see what things are really like in the northern part of my constituency." Otherwise, she wrote, she found herself "letting things slip without expressing an opinion" because she was not yet used to the procedure. However, with some help from more experienced members of the CCF caucus, she soon learned. In four months of parliamentary debates that year, she rose fifteen times either to ask questions or to debate bills. And already she had discovered the advantages of having a secretary. Her letters to McNaughton were neatly typed on House of Commons stationery by Lilla Bell, the secretary she inherited from Agnes Macphail.² Her parliamentary salary of \$4,000 was another boon. She was able to hire a housekeeper and to repay the little loan she had taken from Violet McNaughton, and a much larger one taken several years before from her family in England. They were proud of her election. News of it had appeared in an English paper, and

her mother had sent a telegram. But they knew nothing of her politics, and would have been horrified if they had. When she'd come to teach in northern Saskatchewan in 1927, she'd had no interest in radical politics either. It was living through the Depression that had made the difference.

On the surface Nielsen adjusted to life in Ottawa as well as any greenhorn, and better than some. Right from the beginning, she exuded a certain coolness that passed for confidence. "She has a calm assurance that fits her into the Ottawa scene as neatly as if she had always been there," observed a *Toronto Star* reporter. But beneath the surface she must have been anything but calm. The Communist Party was under siege and any contacts she had were in jeopardy.

Despite police harassment for its antiwar stand, the party had run ten candidates in the March 26 election. Shortly afterwards, leader Tim Buck, short of funds and unable to get material printed in Toronto, moved his base of operations to New York City. Meanwhile, in Canada, three Communists were found guilty of distributing subversive materials in Toronto, and as a result of their trial, in mid-May the Communist Party was declared illegal in Ontario. It was only a matter of time before the party was banned province by province. As the German army advanced into Western Europe, citizens' groups demanded that the federal government take action against all groups and individuals who opposed the war effort. Organizations such as the Lions' Club, the Canadian Legion, and the Knights of Columbus demanded the arrest and detention of long lists of "subversive elements" from the German Bund to the Jehovah Witnesses to the Communists. Dorise sat in the House, day after day, waiting for the axe to fall.

Finally, on June 6, the federal government declared the Communist Party and its related organizations illegal. Any person who attended a meeting, distributed its literature, or spoke in advocacy of such an organization could be arrested and interned without trial. Warrants for the arrest of leading members were issued immediately. Some escaped the net, but 110 members of the Communist Party were picked up and interned in premises shared with Germans, Italians, domestic fascists, and some Québécois who were also opposed to Canada's participation in the war. Soon the most prominent internee would be the flamboyant mayor of Montreal, Camille Houde, who objected to the government's national registration program.

Because the Communist Party opposed the war, Canada banned it, and was the only western democracy to do so. The British Cabinet considered banning the party too, but decided against it, believing that trade unionists would revolt just at a time when the war effort required all-out production. But

²Agnes Macphail was the first woman elected to Parliament in 1921. When Agnes lost her seat in the 1940 election, Nielsen inherited both Macphail's secretary and her office on the sixth floor.

in Britain, Communists were not considered a foreign element as they were in Canada. They did not suffer from the stirring up of racial prejudice that accompanied the war here.

Of the Canadian Communists who escaped arrest, a few took refuge in the U.S., but most had already gone underground in Canada where they moved from house to house for the next two years. Groups in Quebec were particularly adept at operating underground because they had experienced frequent persecution under Quebec's Padlock Act³ and had their networks ready. It was a group in Montreal that kept in contact with Nielsen that first summer. Several times, she was visited by a young woman who brought missives from the Montreal group.

What were the instructions that Nielsen received that summer of 1940? The only clues come from her parliamentary speeches. Her strategy that summer was to focus on issues of domestic welfare, particularly the plight of farmers facing low wheat prices and constituents who had had relief payments cut. And it was not difficult to find examples of other domestic needs, such as child and maternal health, areas that had been neglected for years and were now facing funding cuts to pay for the war. Essentially, her criticisms of government legislation, whether it was over relief payments, the budget, or emergency powers, were similar to those of the CCF. She demanded that no one should profit from the war, and she opposed conscription without a plebiscite, even for work on the domestic front. Like the CCF, she talked of equality of sacrifice—if labour were to be conscripted, wealth should be conscripted, too. No one should be making profits while others died. This mantra was repeated in speech after speech.

Did the Liberals dozing on the opposite benches or the CCF sitting to her right realize how far to the left she leaned? Mackenzie King initially thought Nielsen a woman of great ability and deep sympathy for the poor, and he hoped to gain her allegiance for the Liberals, but in June he received a tip on her political inclinations and ordered the RCMP to investigate. It is unlikely that others caught on so quickly. Several times, CCF members referred to her speeches favourably. During the budget debate in July, after Nielsen had taken her strongest stand yet, declaring that "this government has passed legislation to subjugate the Canadian people and to force them into both political and economic bondage," the Reverend Daniel McIvor, a sixty-seven-year-old Liberal backbencher from Fort William, remarked "I count it an honour to be allowed to follow the lone, yet happy and brilliant lady member of this house." He went on to say there should be more of her kind, "provided that increase

in numbers would not cause some of us to lose our seats."

It's difficult to imagine McIvor making such a remark if he suspected she were one of a band of subversives currently being rounded up by the RCMP. But it is possible that he was not one of the more astute members of the Liberal caucus and was simply in the habit of paying tribute to the ladies. He went on to praise the minister of finance for delivering the budget address "in such splendid form" that "very few members were reading their newspapers" and "very few members were sleeping."

According to Tommy Douglas, CCF member from Weyburn, who knew Nielsen as well as anyone in the House, she "was a woman of very considerable ability and in her first few months in Parliament made a good impression." It was only as time went on and he observed the company she kept that



Dorise Nielsen (above) in July 1940 in the backyard of her Ottawa home with her children Thelma Fay (Sally), John, and Christine.

(above, right) In 1957, Nielsen moved to Beijing where she worked as a teacher and as an editor at the Foreign Languages Press. She was witness to the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and the death of Mao Zedong, among other events, during a tumultuous period in modern Chinese history. After her death in 1980, she was cremated. Her interpreter Yu Fanqin holds her picture while her daughter Christine Wong holds a box of her mother's ashes to be scattered over a canal near the Summer Palace in Beijing.

³ In 1937 the government of Quebec passed the Act Respecting Communistic Propaganda, which allowed the attorney general to close, for one year, any building used for propagating communism. In 1957, the Supreme Court of Canada declared the "Padlock Act" unconstitutional.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / E 993589

he was sure of her Communist allegiance, but her opposition to the war was the first clue. No doubt as the CCF warmed to the war effort, Nielsen's outspoken criticism of everything connected to the war became more obvious.

It was a long hot summer, with the session lasting until August 7. Even in June Dorise found the weather "abominable" and she told Violet McNaughton that she was "always sleepy." However, she added that the children were doing well, and that they enjoyed school. But it is hard to imagine that family life was blissful with Dorise absent until close to midnight four nights a week and exhausted the rest of the time. Getting and keeping a housekeeper to play the role of mother as well as maid was not easy, and by the end of July, Nielsen realized that she simply could not manage the daily care of her children any longer. In early August she packed them off to Saskatoon with Lilla Bell who was driving there to assist Macphail in a Saskatoon by-election. Dorise joined them there, and after stumping for Macphail a few days herself, she took the children to the farm of neighbours where they would board for the next year. When Tinson School opened that fall, the three Nielsen children were enrolled with their old friends. By then their father had joined the Veterans' Guard and left the district.

A souvenir of the brief time the children spent in Ottawa is a photo taken in the back yard of the house in Ottawa South. It was taken by Yousuf Karsh on a hot afternoon in late July. Karsh, at thirty-two, was on the verge of making his reputation with a widely reproduced photo of Winston Churchill.

That spring he had taken photos of all eighty-five new members of parliament. Dorise liked his work, but she was not in the mood for a photo that day. The children had to be dressed, she had to be dressed, and it was simply too hot for all that fuss. She decided not to wear a bra. Who would know the difference? Christine, eleven years old, but already playing mother, was appalled. She knew that you didn't wear a good dress without a bra. It simply wasn't done.

There were standards, obviously, that she had learned from her mother, standards of correct behaviour, of what to do and how to dress, of thank yous to be said, and letters

answered promptly. And now her mother was breaking her own rules. Years later she would look at the photo and laugh about the bra. Dorise got away with it after all and no one knew the difference.

Considered one of the best speakers in the House, Nielsen worked conscientiously to bring attention to the plight of the West. While the Communist Party was outlawed (1940-1942), she was spokesperson for its policies in Parliament and active in the crusade to have its members released from prison. She also advocated equal pay for women in the armed services, and proposed, successfully, that the new family allowance should be payable to the mother.

Following her defeat in 1945, Nielsen worked for the Labour Progressive Party (Communist) in various capacities. As the party dwindled she sought other employment but could find little that suited her abilities. In 1957, after her children had left home, she moved to Beijing where she worked as teacher and polisher of English language texts until her death in 1980.

Despite having to navigate her way through the Sino-Soviet split and the Cultural Revolution, Nielsen's belief in the Marxist critique of capitalism never wavered. The 1930s had made a lasting impression on her. She believed she had done what she had to do under the circumstances. Her only regret was the hardship her career caused her children. ■

Faith Johnston lives in Winnipeg. She has a masters degree in women studies from Carleton University and is currently writing a biography of Dorise Nielsen.

by Alan MacEachern This summer, for the first time in more than a decade, the Canadian government has sent one of its largest warships into the Arctic to conduct a sovereignty patrol. Another patrol is set for next year. As global warming makes the Northwest Passage navigable for longer stretches every year, the Arctic has the potential to become a sea-lane for other countries and a challenge to Canadian sovereignty. A century ago, Captain Joseph-Elzéar Bernier began the first of many voyages to claim the Arctic Archipelago for Canada. His 1910–11 voyage proved pivotal.

Cool Customer: The Arctic Voyage of J.E. Bernier

On April 12, 1912, the front page of *La Presse* trumpeted word of scandal: the recent Arctic voyage of the Dominion Government Steamer *Arctic*, captained by Quebec's own son Joseph-Elzéar Bernier, was under investigation. In the article, Bernier was said to have neglected his patrolling duties, which were aimed at asserting Canadian sovereignty in the Arctic, and disregarded the opportunity for a Northwest Passage so he could concentrate on a profitable fur trade with the Inuit. It alleged that members of the Laurier cabinet had been bought off with fur coats. Bernier was accused of cruelty, too, forcing his men to work nearly naked at one point, and even attacking a cook with a potato masher when his peas were not to his liking. The

captain was denying all accusations.

What had gone on aboard the *Arctic*? Third officer Edward Macdonald, a Prince Edward Islander in his late twenties, had a good initial impression. "She seems to be a fine able ship," he wrote in his diary June 30, 1910, the day he stepped aboard the *Arctic* at its Quebec City wharf. He was less sure of the crew after stumbling over men lying drunk near the gangway one night. "They are a bum lot of Sailors and not the kind of men that are required on an expedition like this." One of the few onboard unable to speak French, he was gloomy when the ship sailed July 7 to the cheers of a large crowd. "I had nobody to see me off and wish me Bon Voyage."

Fabian Vanasse, a historian hired by Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier to



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W. Barron "B. Chatrie"
M. Turcot "
A. Tremblay "
J. Thibault bluf s
H. Normand "Carpien"
36 Officers and Men
Thursday July
moderate S.W. wind fine a
day. Hands employed get
ready for sea. at 3:00 PM
from the wharf and sta
our long voyage we go
send off their was about
people on the wharf

Monday July 4th
 + wind all day sky cloudy
 employed setting up head
 & taking stores on board

Tuesday July 5th
 variable winds all day fine
 ar. crew employed taking
 board and getting ready
 as I was coming on board
 stumbled over three or four
 men lying drunk near the
 ay, it is my private opinion
 are a burn lot of sailors
 the kind of men that are
 on an expedition like
 notice that they are very
 with most of the Officers
 all doubtless make trouble

Wednesday July 6th
 + wind all day clear

Joseph-Elzéar Bernier (left) was born to the sea, leaving school in 1866 at age fourteen to sail as a cabin boy on his father's ship. At seventeen, he was captain of his own ship, carrying timber from Quebec to England. He commanded sailing vessels all over the world for the next quarter century. In 1895, he became governor of the Quebec jail, where he developed an interest in polar navigation, which led to his government service in the eastern Arctic. He died in 1934.

CGS Arctic (below), taken at one o'clock in the morning, July 1910.

compile ethnographic and census data on the Inuit they met, was more upbeat about the sendoff. He wrote of the pretty young women dancing around the captain and offering bouquets of flowers to everyone. "My God," he noted wryly, "you know, ladies, we need prayers far more than we need flowers aboard the Arctic."¹

Like most of the 400 who had applied to participate in this adventure—and like most of the chosen crew of thirty-five—Macdonald had never been

to the North. But Captain Bernier, a French-Canadian and a little bull of a man, was something of a legend. At the turn of the century he had announced a plan to make a Northwest Passage—a deed that had eluded men for centuries—by miring a ship in the icepack of the Bering Strait and letting it drift over the North Pole. In 1904, he convinced the Laurier government to buy the *Arctic* so that he might achieve these feats for Canada—and, in the process, demonstrate Canadian sovereignty in the North. But once hired as a fisheries officer, he spent most of his time patrolling, collecting duties and licence fees from foreign whalers, monitoring trade, and charting coastlines.

Bernier made three voyages between 1904 and 1909. But the work did not satisfy him. While he was playing a glorified civil servant, Roald Amundsen spent two winters traversing the Northwest Passage and reached the Beaufort Sea in 1905—becoming the first to cross the top of North America by ship. Robert Peary reached the North Pole in 1909. It may have been frustration that led Bernier on Dominion Day 1909 to audaciously and unilaterally declare Canadian sovereignty over the entire Arctic Archipelago, all the way to the North Pole, by unveiling a plaque on Melville Island. Upon returning south, he bought a whaling station at Pond Inlet on northern Baffin Island, and convinced the Canadian government to give him 960 acres nearby—"Bernieria," he dubbed it. Though Edward Macdonald and the rest of the 1910 crew did not know it, fifty-seven-year-old Joseph-Elzéar Bernier was showing signs of settling down. The voyage he was about to embark on would occupy a pivotal moment in Canada's notions of the North. In the name of exploration, men had long been driven to challenge one of the harshest climates on earth. But now, with the North Pole and the Northwest Passage conquered, the Age of Exploration was drawing to an end. Bernier's voyage would become both symptom and symbol of that transformation.

¹Translated from the French.



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Bernier's orders did not reach him until the ship was a day out of Quebec. Besides his patrolling duties, he was for the first time encouraged to attempt the Northwest Passage by a government now mindful, in the wake of Amundsen's success, that such a passage would be an important declaration of Canadian sovereignty. If made in a single year, it would better Amundsen's exploit and also guarantee Bernier's fame. Years later, in his memoirs *Master Mariner*, Bernier recounted that he should have been grateful, but he had only two years of supplies onboard. Yet Edward Macdonald had told his diary just before sailing, "we expect to be gone for two years and we are provisioned for three years." Compared to the captain, Macdonald was a northern novice. Might he have misunderstood?

The ship hurried north in the coming weeks, down the St. Lawrence, then along the Labrador coast and up the Davis Strait. Life onboard seems to have been relatively uneventful, though there were hints of the problems to come. Macdonald noted that the first officer, O.J. Morin, was a drinker and argued with the captain. And Bernier's account speaks of huge fields of ice coming into view, sooner than had been expected. But for now, the *Arctic* was progressing well. Just three weeks into its voyage, the ship reached Pond Inlet at the northern end of Baffin Island and made fast to the ice. Bernier wished to visit the whaling station at nearby Albert Harbour, to leave a cache on land in case of emergencies, to pick up supplies (including thirty-eight dogs), and to check in on his property at Bernieria.

He also hired two Inuit, Miquusaaq and Miquitui, aboard as guides and hunters. The people of north Baffin were already familiar with Bernier, whom they called Kapitakallak, "the stout little captain." In oral interviews eighty years on, elders still praised his great skill in navigating the ice. More than that, he was respected for treating them fairly, and genuinely enjoyed their company.

Third officer Edward Macdonald (top, at right) was a young Prince Edward Islander and one of the few anglophones on the voyage. Though disillusioned with Bernier and the misrepresented objectives of the 1910-11 voyage, he prepared to sign on with the captain on a later voyage.

Inuit women (middle) enjoying an afternoon dance.

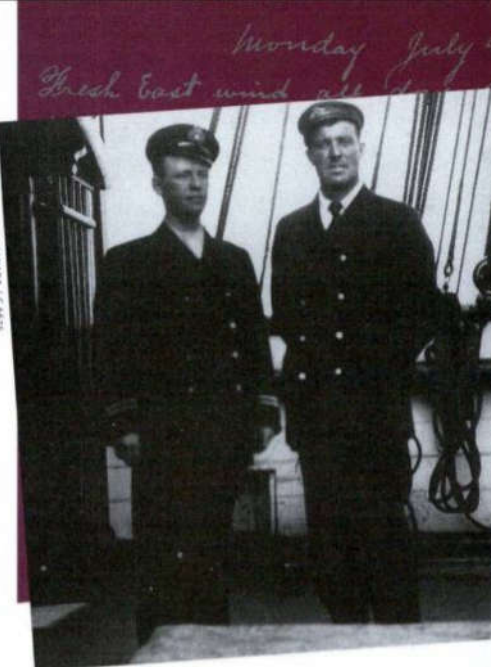
Skinning a bear (bottom) aboard the *Arctic*.

The sight of Inuit fascinated Edward Macdonald: "They seem very strange people clothed all in seal skin and long black hair and a very strong smell if a person goes to[o] handy." He wrote in these early days of their intelligence and good humour. But in the course of the voyage, Macdonald's fascination turned to indifference, his indifference to irritation. His diary would soon speak of them only in terms of their smell.

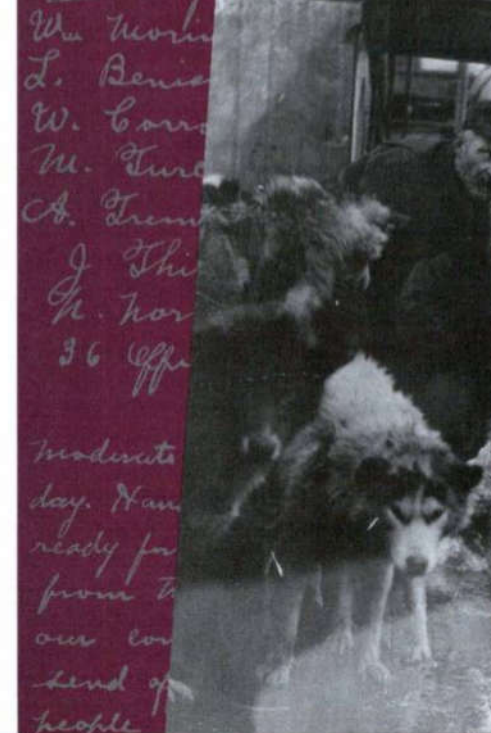
Upon leaving Pond Inlet, the *Arctic* sailed west, through the Parry Channel to Barrow and McClure straits. It almost immediately faced difficulty. Extremely heavy ice crowded in on all sides, often drawing the ship to a dead stop. Bernier proclaimed this voyage his most difficult ever. Macdonald and second mate Robert Janes of Newfoundland spent days together in the crow's-nest, yelling out paths in the ice to the men below. And then, in McClure Strait on September 2, a tantalizing 200 kilometres short of the Beaufort Sea and Northwest Passage, Bernier gave the order to turn around.

Though early on, this was the voyage's key moment. In his official published report of the voyage—an account likely written when he was already under investigation—Bernier defended his decision by providing a supporting letter from his second officer. Janes told of having spotted a massive, unbroken ice floe: "I never saw such ice; it must have been 50 to 60 feet thick with hills on it as high as any berg. ... it must have been as old as Adam. I now gave up all hope of ever crossing McClure Strait." Bernier's decision to retreat

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The crew hauled tons of ice down from the nearby hills for water, built a roof over the deck, and banked in the Arctic with snow.

seems reasonable. Yet Edward Macdonald, though referring to heavy ice, made no mention of the gigantic floe. In fact, he wrote that day, "I do not know much about Ice conditions in the North but I think we should have tried a little harder before turning back[;] everybody feels

had not wintered there before, but guessed correctly that with hills on three sides—the Inuit called the place *Ikpiarjuk*, "pocket"—it would shelter his ship from the wind and cold. The *Arctic* anchored in the bay on September 11, and the ice soon settled in around it. This would be the crew's home for the next ten months.

It must have been a sharp transition, from the unending activity aboard a seagoing vessel to the monotony of being marooned in the Arctic, with little to do but wait for spring. While there was still some daylight, the ship was battened down for winter. The crew hauled tons of ice down from the nearby hills for water, built a roof over the deck, and banked in the Arctic with snow. The work was worth it, as the men spent the winter in relative comfort. Even on some of the coldest nights, the ship's stoves were not lit; the lamps providing enough heat to keep rooms below deck at 15°C.

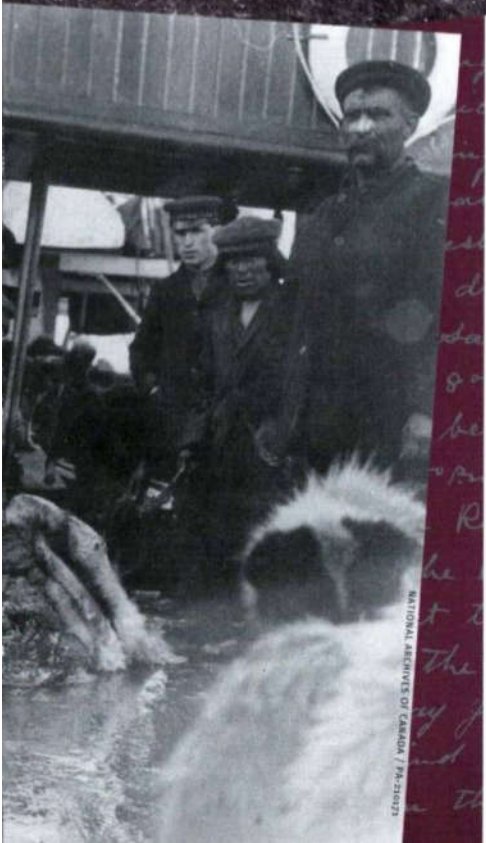
The Inuit living nearby served as a constant diversion. Bernier had chosen Arctic Bay in part because of their presence. They could be hired as guides, to assist in mineral exploration, and, above all, to provide fish, wild meat, and fur. Immediately after the Canadians' arrival, eighteen Inuit boarded the *Aati* (as the ship was known in Inuktitut) for a look around. More natives arrived in mid-December from 300 kilometres to the south, seeking to trade bear and fox skins for cartridges and tobacco. Their arrival made Christmas festivities all the livelier. Forty Inuit visited, and after sitting quiet but puzzled through the religious service, according to Bernier, "they ate their Christmas dinner with relish and seemed, in their love for those things that appeal to hungry people accustomed to live on raw fish or flesh, to regret that 'Christmas comes but once a year.'" A week later, the crew and villagers shared a New Year's Day filled with food, waltzes, reels, and, according to the voyage's official report, an accordion-playing Inuk with a limited repertoire.

much disappointed at our hopes being crushed so quickly."

What are we to make of this? How is it that Janes did not explain the situation to Macdonald, or to his satisfaction? Did Janes—who, as will be seen, had reason to side with Bernier—exaggerate the danger to assist his captain in declining a Northwest Passage for other business? Or, for that matter, was the crew fooled by nothing more than a mirage? Summer days in the Arctic can produce *fata morgana*, an optical illusion in which distant ice appears to stretch into the sky—exactly the image that Janes described. Whether motivated by caution, duplicity, or error, the *Arctic* would not be making a Northwest Passage this year.

And now they had to move quickly and find a safe harbour before the ice made travel impossible. Bernier steered for Arctic Bay, a known Inuit camp near the northern tip of Baffin Island. He

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The Inuits' language and lives often did not accommodate the Dominion's census: they had no word for marriage, and did not measure age by years.

Historian Fabian Vanasse (right) was hired by Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier to compile data on the Inuit. He also confirmed the accusations of ship's prospector Joseph Mathé that Bernier had been cruel, wasteful, and trading with the Inuit without permission.

The long winter gave Fabian Vanasse opportunity to make extensive census notes on the Inuit staying in Arctic Bay. With the aid of Takijualuk—a "good boy, the village scholar," who knew some English and French—he visited each igloo, wiggling through their entranceways, an adventure in itself. The Inuits' language and lives often did not accommodate the Dominion's census: they had no word for marriage, and did not measure age by years. Often, Vanasse had to settle for counting property. His notes phonetically spell out the names of thirty heads of household, and compile their total of 10 "caïaks", 18 traps, 59 harpoons, 79 guns, and 207 dogs. Vanasse was happy to report that while the Inuit—"improperly called Esquimaux"—were too often victims of international whalers and other sea-goers who stole their fur and other belongings, they were treated with more justice and equality by the Canadian government.

But no matter how well intentioned, the *Arctic* crew's 1910–11 interactions with the Inuit were not benign. By January, all accounts mention that there was serious illness among the local population. Even the village leader, whom the crew knew as Chief Nasso, grew sick that spring. With no built-in immunity, the Inuit were susceptible to diseases such as tuberculosis, especially during constant contact with whites. And contact was literally day and night. Macdonald refers a number of times to crewmen sneaking into the village at night, even after being expressly forbidden by Captain Bernier. What they were doing there is never said—Macdonald guessed trading, at one point. And maybe they were. But miscegenation was common on Arctic voyages. Nasso himself, in Macdonald's words, "has some Scotch blood in his veins."

Bernier's inability to keep his men away from the village indicated broader disciplinary problems. Macdonald's diary is peppered with stories of fights. October 10: "and in abusing him cast some reflections on his Family history, the Oiler becoming enraged at this struck the Carpenter on the Head with a small bag full of iron rivets knocking him down and cutting his head ..." January 15: "the Chief Cook and the 2nd Cook clinching and falling on the stove and I suppose the others were giving a little help to the 2nd Cook when required ..." Worse was the constant difficulty in getting orders obeyed. The Anglo officers, Janes and to a lesser extent Macdonald, had the worst of this. On one occasion, after a quartermaster refused to follow one of Janes's orders, Macdonald reports that "the Commander and the Quartermaster done a lot of loud talking in French and the 2nd officer did not know what was said that is the way of discipline is carried out on board this ship." Macdonald clearly felt that Bernier was feeding the crew's disrespect by leaving the English-speak-

ing officers out of discussions. Janes, unable to command the authority his position demanded, was dispatched to Pond Inlet with the mail and stayed there for mineral exploration in the spring.²

The official account offers no hint of insubordination among the crew, only that with the winter darkness, the wet, the cold, and the incessant barking of dogs, the men grew "depressed." Bernier did what he could to occupy them, having them march around the ship and run fire drills. And after Sunday service, he welcomed them to join him in reading from his extensive library of exploration literature. Fabian Vanasse ran "the 'Arctic' chorus," a singing group first organized in the ship's 1904 voyage. "It is an institution that will last," his notes gush. "It is now a necessity of cruising ships. Its history deserves to be told; maybe I'll do that one day."

But by far the most popular diversion was hunting. Cabin boy Benoid Chartrand captured a fox on September 26 and the incident "created some interest," according to the official account based on Bernier's log. Soon after, it is mentioned in passing that "the health of the men was good and they desired to go on shore and take exercise; they were encouraged in this by lending them ten traps to set for the purpose of catching foxes." Bernier's account does not refer to hunting again, but from Macdonald's diary it clearly became the crew's overwhelming passion. Men checked their traps daily when possible, and Macdonald fretted for several months before catching one. (He ended up catching ten that year.) It got so that, by the spring, Macdonald reported that "skins seems to be the principle thing on board and everybody seems to be after them[;] if one of our Pup-



²Ten years later, Janes was murdered by an Inuk whom he had likely first met at Pond Inlet in 1910. Stranded in the north by the death of a patron, he seems to have gone crazy and threatened his Inuit hosts. The community discussed the matter, and chose a young man, Nuqalluq, to kill him. The federal government used Janes's death to showcase Canadian justice to the Inuit, and in 1923, a full trial was held in Pond Inlet—the judicial party, police officers, and Inuit witnesses all ferried there, coincidentally, by Captain Bernier and the *Arctic*. Nuqalluq was found guilty and sentenced to ten years at Manitoba's Stony Mountain Penitentiary. In 1925, dying of tuberculosis, he was paroled and returned with Bernier to Pond Inlet. As a result, tuberculosis swept throughout northern Baffin Island over the next year.

pies dies he soon loses his skin. I overheard one of the Stewards remarking a few day ago if one of the crew would happen to die it is very likely he would be skinned too." Two years later, seaman Alfred Tremblay wintered again in Arctic Bay. He writes in *The Cruise of the Minnie Maud* that there were few foxes to be found: the *Arctic* had picked the region fairly clean.

Bernier's one fleeting reference to hunting in his report belies his own participation in it. Macdonald mentioned that when distributing the traps, the captain had insisted that half of what was caught would belong to him. And in the springtime, according to Vanasse, when Bernier hired a visiting Inuk, giving him the title "Master of the Ice," it was as a pretext, to pay the man for selling them furs. Though Edward Macdonald himself was an eager trapper, and though he was delighted to receive a polar-bear skin from the captain as a gift, he became disillusioned about having joined what he thought would be a voyage of Arctic discovery. In April he wrote, "A large party of Esquimaux arrived at the ship this afternoon from Ponds Inlet. I have been thinking for some time that this is more like a Fur Trading voyage than anything I can compare it to."

Had this always been Bernier's plan for the voyage? A man anxious to make a name for himself as an explorer, had he really never intended a Northwest Passage this time, and at the first opportunity retreated for a lucrative winter of trade? Or was that merely what fate presented him, in the form of a mountain of ice and a cabin boy's hunting skills? Not surprisingly, the captain's account is quiet as to what moved him.

Spring came, and the crew grew restless with hope of leaving Arctic Bay. For a time it seemed they might not: the loosening pack ice was blowing down Admiralty Inlet and threatening to block travel for another year. But on July 20, 1911, the *Arctic* hove anchor and made way for Lancaster Sound. Macdonald's spirits revived, with thoughts once more of a Northwest Passage, but faded when Bernier decided there was again too much ice, and turned the *Arctic* toward Davis Strait and home. Macdonald's diary becomes laced with bitter comments about the voyage: "The people of Canada have no idea that we are fooling around in this way in the far North"; "it does not take much Ice to frighten the Captain when he does not want to go any place"; "All a game of bluff." On September 25, 1911, having travelled 16,000 kilometres, the *Arctic* sailed back into Quebec City harbour. The men were paid off and dispersed.

It was not until the following year that the 1910-11 voyage turned controversial. Second officer Janes told a newspaper back home in Newfoundland that he had found gold near Pond Inlet. This set off a mini-gold rush there in the years that followed. More critically, ship's prospector Joseph Mathé accused Bernier of cruelty, of wastefulness, and of having—with the aid of Robert Janes—run a trade with the Inuit that netted \$25,000 worth of furs. Notably, historian

Fabian Vanasse confirmed Mathé's allegations. It was the charge that public supplies had been used for private gain that most concerned the federal government, now under Robert Borden, and that led it on April 11, 1912, to announce it was investigating Bernier.

But three days later, the *Titanic* struck an iceberg off the coast of Newfoundland, driving the *Arctic* from the front pages. The investigation faded from public view. Captain Bernier resigned his government position later that year. But it is unknown whether he did so at the investigation's recommendation, to preempt such a recommendation, or as a necessary formality so that he could go back to Baffin Island and search for gold and trade for fur—which he did later that year.³

On one of the very last days of the 1910-11 voyage, Fabian Vanasse provided its eulogy. On a form for the "Fifth Census of Canada, 1911, Unorganized Regions," he scrawled: "Now, before arriving, a word on the intimate history of the voyage. There can be no question of relating the thousands of small facts, accidents, incidents ... of a 16 month voyage in the north ... It would be too long, and I would not have the time before reaching the port. Instead, look at the following list: 'my bear'; 'an Arctic chorus, their concerts'; 'a study of morals'; 'a polar bear hunt'; 'the Esquimaux pump'; 'feverish and hopeless sailing'; 'the Captain's worst tour'; 'Esquimaux prospectors'; 'Nasso's meal'; 'fork and bunk'; 'Esquimaux valley'; 'the juggler Koonoo and the fire bar'; 'wagers'; 'the Arctic kennel'; 'the amusing exploits of Pyrenne and Jack'; 'a lover's road in the desert.'" There is no way of knowing what many of these items mean, since they do not show up in any accounts of the expedition, even Vanasse's own. Likewise, there is no way of knowing whether Bernier had ever planned this voyage to be one of exploration, or if it was to be focused on exploitation from the outset. Like the historian Vanasse finding himself unable to reconstruct a history and having to settle for its pieces, the *Arctic's* voyage may have started out as a romantic search for new worlds, but it evolved into something much more prosaic. ■

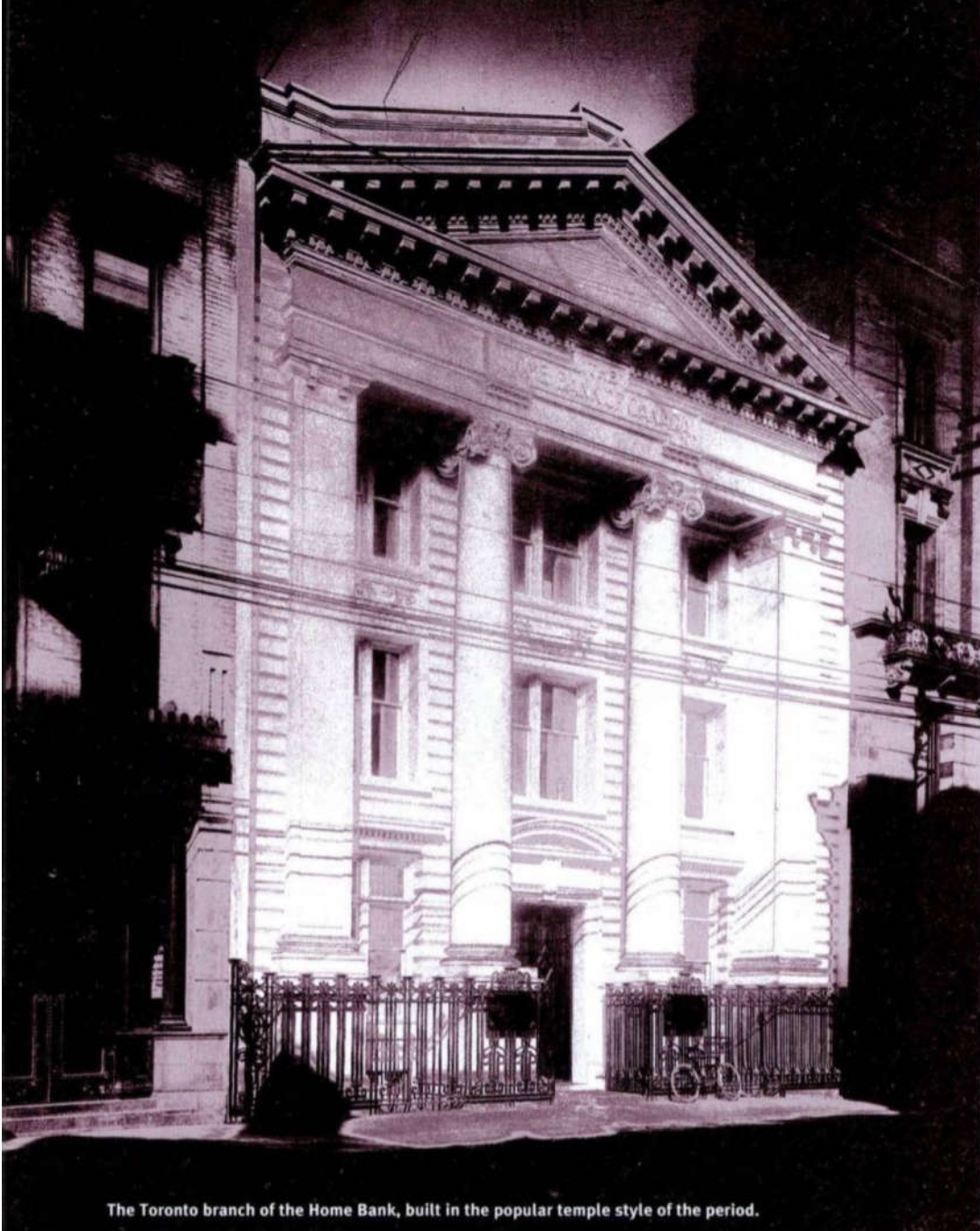
Alan MacEachern heads the public history program at the University of Western Ontario. Turning from ice to fire, he is currently writing a book on the 1825 Miramichi fire.

³ In 1922, the government once more called on Bernier and the *Arctic* to help patrol the eastern Arctic.

ET CETERA

Master Mariner and Arctic Explorer: A Narrative of Sixty Years at Sea From the Logs and Yarns of Captain J.E. Bernier by J.E. Bernier. Le Droit, Ottawa, 1939.

Eighty years ago, Ottawa took control of the business of banking. It was forced to. A great bank had collapsed and many Canadians were ruined.



The Toronto branch of the Home Bank, built in the popular temple style of the period.

The Bank That Went Bust *00.00*

by John Turley-Ewart

"This is not a begging letter, Sir," wrote Mrs. Hill of Toronto's 45 Sackville Street in her brief note of August 22, 1923, to T.L. Church, her local Member of Parliament. It is "to ask you to try to get our money back, if it is humanly possible, for the poorer class at any rate." The "money,"—\$234.19 (roughly \$2,600 today)—was put aside, said the desperate woman, for the coming "winter's supply of clothing and coal" that she, her husband, and their two small children would surely need. She had "banked" most of their cash in May, for fear she would "lose it" at home.

Five days before pleading to Church for help, Mrs. Hill had been enjoying the warm, sleepy Friday afternoon in Toronto and had decided to deposit another \$40 in the small bank she had come to trust with her family's money. She did so at precisely 2:30 P.M. Her peace of mind, and that of roughly 60,000 other Home Bank depositors from Quebec to Fernie, British Columbia, was shattered thirty minutes later when the seventy-one-branch, Toronto-based Home Bank of Canada shut down. Much of Mrs. Hill's savings, and those of others, was gone.

With the Home Bank went an era when many had faith in the transparency of their banks, and national governments were keen to stay out of the business of banking. What followed saw many Canadians turn to government to underwrite their banks' honesty and politicians increasingly feel comfortable intervening in the business of banking in the name of the public good.

Acrimony spoiled the party when Parliament opened in November 1867. In October, the divide between Canada's first finance minister, Sir Alexander Galt, and his cabinet colleagues, including Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald, was laid bare. Galt wanted Ottawa to intervene and save failing banks, smooth over economic upheaval, rescue ruined depositors, protect debtors from having their loans called before they were due, and bail out bank investors as well as bank executives who exercised bad judgment using the public purse to finance the entire process. Galt had support in Ontario, but not where it counted, in Macdonald's cabinet, which rejected his pleas for an interventionist policy. After the pomp and ceremony of the opening day of Canada's first Parliament, Galt resigned. His failure to persuade Macdonald and others reflected the reality of the new government's troubled finances.

What to do about banking claimed Canada's second finance minister, Sir John Rose, a little less than two years later. Rose took to heart demands for a sound banking system, inspired in part by the 1866 failure of the Bank of Upper Canada, which left Ontario without a large bank capable of competing with the Montreal-based Bank of Montreal, the biggest North American bank in 1867.

Rose, a Montreal MP and friend of Macdonald's, pro-

posed legislation modelled on U.S. federal banking law. Though it made safety a priority, many businessmen, farmers, and bankers in Ontario and the Maritimes felt safety came at the expense of competition and access to bank credit needed to grow the new national economy. Like Galt before him, Rose failed to inspire cabinet confidence. Macdonald withdrew Rose's proposed legislation in May 1869, and shortly thereafter once again sought a finance minister who could deliver a blueprint for banking that would not threaten the stability of his government. Macdonald turned in the end to an old hand, Sir Francis Hincks, who, after a long political career in pre-Confederation Canada, had been absent from politics for a decade.

Hincks's solution was presented in the Bank Act, 1871, legislation that was promoted as the answer to demands for safety. It proved nothing of the kind. It did not even define a bad debt, which allowed imprudent bank managers to hide their losses.

While the Dominion government issued currency valued at \$4 or less, banks issued their own bank notes, the bulk of the country's currency, on the proviso that they not exceed the value of the bank's capital, which was to act as insurance to note holders if the bank failed. But Ottawa neither enforced this precaution nor required minimum reserves to keep a bank strong in bad times. Canada's banks would be entirely self-regulating despite the public perception that the government had put new safeguards in place—a perception created, for example, by monthly statements from the banks listing their assets and liabilities that were published by Canada's finance department. Neither Hincks nor Macdonald, however, wanted the government tangled up in regulating the banks and did not require the banks' submitted statements to be verified. Their accuracy was only ascertained, admitted a finance official years later, "after an investigation of the affairs of the Bank and in that case ... the guilty parties are generally out of reach before the false character of the return is discovered." Hincks's Act called on bankers to be transparent. Some lived up to the challenge, but a good many, including those who led the Home Bank, did not.

The Home Bank of Canada's roots reached back to 1854 when it operated as the Toronto Savings Bank, an institution launched by Catholic senator James Mason and promoted by priests to their largely working-class, Irish parishioners. In 1905 Mason obtained a federal bank charter and turned his provincial savings institution into a federal bank so that it could expand to other provinces. This allowed him to collect more deposits that he could convert into loans for stock, bond, and real-estate speculators who found fortune in the economic prosperity that lifted Canada's economy to new heights after 1896.

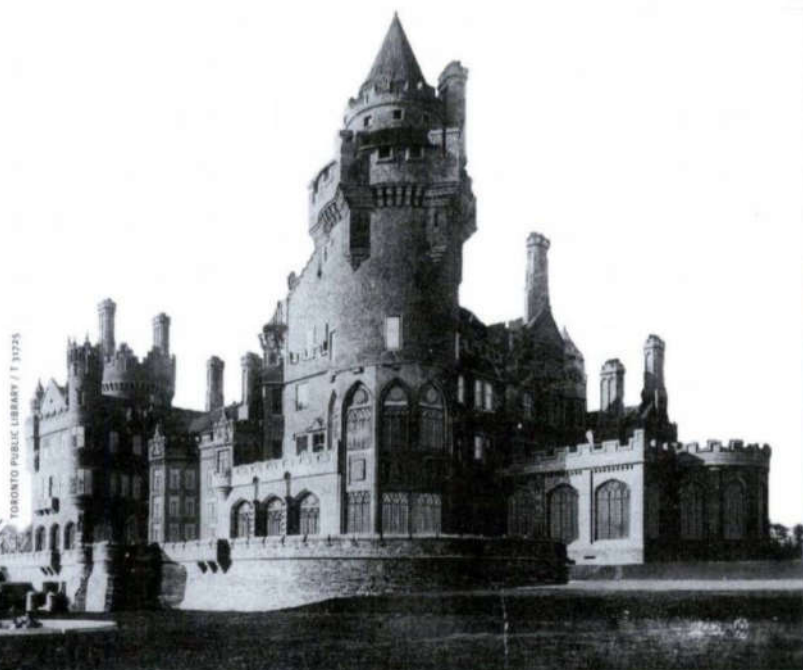
One of those speculators was the eccentric Sir Henry Pellatt, a millionaire mining and utilities promoter who was a friend of Mason's son, James Cooper Mason. Pellatt had met



A hundred years ago, Canada had no central bank. Private banks, like the Home Bank of Canada, could license their own currency.

Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt (below, right), circa 1909. Kingston-born Pellatt (1859–1939) made his fortune in electricity, insurance, mining, transportation, and land speculation, and relied on his cronies at the Home Bank of Canada to bankroll his financial activities. Before the First World War, Pellatt owed the Home Bank \$4.5 million and had just begun construction of his eccentric \$3.5-million Toronto home, Casa Loma (below). The collapse of the Home Bank sent Pellatt into bankruptcy, forcing him to sell his beloved castle.

James Cooper Mason was the son of Senator James Mason, who in 1854 founded the Toronto Savings Bank, an institution directed largely to working-class Irish. It later became the Home Bank of Canada. Mason Jr.'s connection to Sir Henry Pellatt through a shared interest in the militia led in part to the ruinous financing that brought down the Home Bank in 1923.



Mason when he joined the Queens Own Rifles of Canada in the early 1890s, and had relied on the Masons to bankroll speculative land deals in Western Canada that made him rich. When the company became a bank, Pellatt had no intention of taking his hand out of the till, and the Masons, who controlled the bank, saw no reason to ask him to.

Six years later, in 1912, with an economy heading into recession, Pellatt owed the bank the astounding sum of \$4.5 million (or \$75 million today) and had just started building his Toronto vanity project, Casa Loma, which, when finished in 1914, cost an estimated \$3.5 million. Pellatt's loans were not being repaid; other very large and reckless loans made by Mason were equally unproductive. Together they compromised the Home Bank's liquidity.

Thus was the state of the Home Bank when the spectre of war shook world markets in the summer of 1914 and crippled the finances of Canada's Conservative government, led by Robert Borden. To bolster confidence in the banks, which had suffered runs on deposits in the days before war was declared on August 4, Canada's finance minister, Thomas White, in consultation with a small group of the country's senior and most trusted bankers, devised the Finance Act,

1914. The act departed from Macdonald's noninterventionist banking policy, essentially turning Canada's treasury into a central bank that would offer banks loans to tide them over during bad times. It also gave the government a mechanism to increase the supply of credit to the banks and, through them, to farmers and businesses, boosting the economy in the process. The Home Bank was one of the first to knock on Ottawa's door.

The Masons wanted \$450,000, but they needed to provide the government with appropriate collateral, something they did not have. The bank should have been closed immediately, but Canada was at war, its own finances were in bad shape, another bank, the Bank of Vancouver, had just failed to great public outcry, and for the sake of maintaining stability the finance minister hoped a loan combined with time would cure what ailed the Home Bank. In the end, it made it much worse.

Within a year White would regret his decision. The government loan to the bank had forced the senior Mason, who acted as the bank's general manager, to crack open the books ever so slightly to some Toronto Home Bank directors who wanted to know why the Home Bank was applying to Ottawa for a loan. One of those directors informed the Home Bank's Winnipeg branch manager, W.H. MacHaffie, that the bank was in "a most serious state of affairs." MacHaffie soon told the bank's three western directors, led by the president of the influential Grain Growers' Grain Company, Thomas Crerar, about the suspected problems.

Crerar saw the Home Bank as a welcome addition to the West and its credit-hungry farmers. The Grain Growers' Grain Company had benefited from that competition, obtaining needed loans from the Home Bank, yet Crerar wanted answers. In Toronto, he hit a wall of silence. Crerar responded by asking White to investigate.

Crerar's persistence drew the ire of Edmund Bristol, a Conservative MP from Toronto who was personally indebted to the bank for more than \$30,000. With his business partners, Charles Barnard, a Home Bank director and Montreal investment dealer, and W. Grant Morden, a Canadian-born British MP and deputy chairman of Canada Steamship Lines, Bristol had used influence to win a large deposit from Ontario's Conservative government, which was part of a larger scheme to obtain financing from the Home Bank for a railway in New Orleans. Bristol, not wanting his plans spoiled, hired private detectives in a vain attempt to discredit Crerar and the other two western directors. Crerar was clean, but Bristol had little to worry about. Mason made sure he received the financing he was after.

Nevertheless, White could not ignore Crerar's request and turned to his friend and trusted lawyer, Zebulon Lash, vice-president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who examined the state of the Home Bank. By 1916 he had found that three times the bank's capital was locked up in four large loans, including those to Pellatt, Bristol and his partners, and other Home Bank directors living in Toronto. Lash should have recommended the Home Bank be closed. Instead, he advised little more than cosmetic changes, asking that the seventy-three-year-old Mason be removed as general manager. He soon retired, only to be replaced by his equally incompetent son, James Cooper Mason.

While the self-dealing financiers in charge of the Home Bank were running the bank into the ground, Canadian banking itself was going through an important transformation that had started just before the war and that the war had accelerated. Canada's banking industry was consolidating. Unenterprising institutions were, with government approval, being merged with stronger competitors, making the country's banking system more stable in the process. One merger, the 1921 deal that





The Fernie, British Columbia, branch of the Home Bank of Canada after a fire in 1908. When the Home Bank, one of the busiest banks in Fernie, filed for bankruptcy in August 1923, many local businesses and organizations, including the City of Fernie, lost heavily.

joined two of the country's largest banks – Merchants Bank of Canada and the Bank of Montreal – ensured stability, but at the same time it chipped away at the faith Canadians had in their banks.

The merger was not one of equals. The 400-branch

Merchants Bank of Canada was badly mismanaged and faced \$8 million in losses, equal to nearly \$80 million today. The Merchants' shareholders saw a large portion of their capital wiped out. The Bank Act, 1871, fiddled with over the years but still largely intact, had proven inadequate to the task of protecting bank investors and customers. The only good news was that Merchants Bank was not too far gone for the Bank of Montreal to save.

The new Bank Act, designed to prevent another Merchants Bank fiasco, was introduced in March 1923 by Liberal finance minister William Stevens Fielding, the former Nova Scotia premier who had served as finance minister in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's governments from 1896 to 1911. Auditors from two different firms would now be required to report to each bank's chief executive and its board of directors suspect transactions and large loans, ensuring directors were far more accountable to shareholders. Moreover, to guard against conflicts of interest, a bank's external auditors were prohibited from taking retainers or other business

from their clients. The legislation was passed but was given little chance to show its true value before it was superceded by legislation that came on the heels of the Home Bank's collapse.

The fundamental change contained in the 1923 act concerned bank statements to Ottawa. Common accounting rules would now govern bank balance sheets. Market valuations, rather than future expectations, were to be enforced under threat of legal penalties. Most significant was the standard definition of a bad loan. Hincks's Bank Act had allowed bankers to use whatever definition they wanted for a bad loan. This would no longer suffice. The days when a loan could go unpaid for years and be reported in good standing were numbered.

On August 9, 1923, as the Home Bank's day of reckoning loomed, James Cooper Mason succumbed to a four-month battle with cancer. In his absence the new assistant general manager, A.E. Calvert, discovered a banking horror story. Calvert laid his findings before the bank's president, H.J. Daly, who scrambled with other officials to obtain a bailout from Ottawa barring a merger with another bank. Neither was possible. The Home Bank's bad loans had climbed to \$7 million. By August 17, the day Mrs. Hill made her last deposit, the scrambling was over. There was no hope for the Home Bank of Canada.

The money Mrs. Hill was to use to buy clothing and coal for the winter seems but a small loss compared to the hardship the Home Bank's failure caused many of its customers. In

Fernie, B.C., then a mining town where the Home Bank was the only bank in town, disabled miners lost a large share of their life savings needed to pay health-care costs. Committees of depositors were established across the West and in Ontario. Church groups took up the cause and looked to the Canadian Bankers Association to come up with the money from their members to repay the deposits belonging to the Home Bank's customers. They also turned to the federal government, demanding not only an investigation but compensation as well, arguing rightly that the government knew the precarious state the Home Bank was in years before and should have closed it then.

Canada's banks delivered the assistance they could, lending against what assets the Home Bank possessed so depositors could withdraw 25 cents on the dollar. The National Depositors Committee, which was established to press the case against the government for not protecting depositors, did not see its efforts rewarded till 1925, when government legislation used public money to pay Home Bank depositors another 35 cents on the dollar for deposits of up to \$500. No compensation was given for bank balances above \$500.

Criminal and civil charges were brought against a large number of Home Bank officials in December 1923, but to no avail. They were charged under the provisions of the bank act Hincks designed in 1871, which offered little satisfaction to the Mrs. Hills who were their victims.

At least one suicide (probably more), great hardship, and demands for political reform in Ottawa sprang out of the Home Bank's collapse. For the future of banking in Canada, it rang the death knell for the revised bank act Fielding had proposed in 1923 that would have given shareholders far more control over their banks than had been the case since Confederation. Shareholders' trust in bank directors, bank executives, and auditors paid to examine the books of banks had all

been badly damaged. The courts seemed incapable of holding those who had wronged depositors and investors to account. Government inspection, however, offered solace to voters that, should another Home Bank ever occur, at least politicians could be made to account for their failure to safeguard the interests of Canadians who relied on banks being safe places to do business.

The transparency called for by many in 1867 was enshrined in Fielding's original 1923 Bank Act. It came too late and was seen as too little by a great many Canadians when it did come into force. The Home Bank affair planted deep suspicions about the integrity of bankers and even the merits of capitalism. Shareholders and their auditors did not seem to be capable of guarding the public interest in Canadian banking. That role was taken over by the federal government, which created the Inspector General of Banks in 1924 to supervise banks. The decision ended once and for all Sir John A. Macdonald's five-decades-old policy that the business of banking was the business of bankers. In turn it gave rise to the face of banking today and the political predilection that banks are a public utility to be dictated to by politicians in the name of the public good.

■

John Turley-Ewart has a Ph.D. in Canadian banking and political history from the University of Toronto and is a member of the *National Post's* editorial board. His writings have appeared in the *National Post*, *Financial Post*, the *Globe and Mail*, the *Washington Times*, and the *Jerusalem Post*. He can be contacted at <jturley-ewart@nationalpost.com>.

ET CETERA

Northern Enterprise: Five Centuries of Canadian Business by Michael Bliss. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1987.

Different Drummers: Banking and Politics in Canada by Robert MacIntosh. Macmillan Canada, Toronto, 1991.

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Evangeline:

by André Pelchat

Longfellow breathed life into Evangeline, the Acadian heroine who never existed. But as the embodiment of a suffering people, she became a powerful symbol of endurance.

Evangeline is a name you will find anywhere there is an Acadian presence, from the now-defunct newspaper *L'Évangéline* in New Brunswick south to the Evangeline Thruway and Evangeline Downs racetrack in Louisiana. But who was Evangeline?

To answer that, one has to look to the works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of the founding fathers of American literature. Evangeline was born in the efforts of the first generation of American writers and poets to break ties with Europe and create an American literature, based on indigenous themes and myths. In 1844, Longfellow, then a teacher at Harvard, heard over a dinner the story of an Acadian couple separated on their wedding day by the Acadian deportation of 1755. According to the clergyman who told the story, the girl had looked for her fiancé all over New England before settling to work in a hospital where, years later, she finally met him, on his deathbed. The shock killed her.

Longfellow found the tale irresistible and decided to write a poem based on it. The Yankee poet, however, knew nothing about Acadia or the deportation. His main source of information was lawyer Thomas Haliburton's 1829 work *A Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, a flawed document at best. Substituting imagination where information was lacking, Longfellow wrote *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie*, published in 1847.

It is the long, romantic story of Evangeline Bellefontaine, a young girl of Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, separated by the Acadian deportation from her fiancé Gabriel Lajeunesse. In search of her beloved, she wanders the American continent, from New England to Louisiana via the Ohio and Mississippi valleys—in vain, for he seems to always be one step ahead of her. Eventually, losing track of him, she settles in a convent in Philadelphia, where she becomes a nun. There, she cares for the sick, and, eventually, when she is old, finds him on his deathbed. The poem, extolling the feminine qualities so prized in this prefeminist era (gentleness, submissiveness, and Christian faith), had a plot based on thwarted love, a happy ending (of sorts), and villains (i.e., the British). It was an instant success all over the world. Translated into twelve languages, it sold tens of thousands of copies. After Canadian writer Pamphile Lemay translated it into French in 1865, it instantly became an object of Canadian polemics. Thomas D'Arcy McGee used it to sell Confederation to Quebec, quoting Longfellow to underline the "ancientness of the French



EVANGELINE

Illustration from *Canadian Illustrated News*.

Longfellow's epic poem *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie*, published in 1847, was an instant success. Translated into twelve languages, the story created an archetypal heroine and spawned a tourist movement.

presence" in Nova Scotia. Nova Scotians and the British in general were less enthusiastic, and dozens of writers worked to correct the poem's poor depiction of the colony's British authorities. As late as 1900, British Columbia banned it from its schools. For the Acadians, however, Evangeline became a national heroine, a symbol of the suffering their ancestors had endured.

If Nova Scotians refused the political implications of Evangeline, they accepted gladly the profits they could make through the fledgling tourist industry. After the inauguration of a Boston-to-Yarmouth steamship line in 1855, thousands of Yankees came to Nova Scotia with *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie* in hand, searching for the places made famous by Longfellow. Some of them thought Evangeline had been a real person, and reality started to mingle with fiction. Then in 1907, St. Martinville, Louisiana, author Felix Voorhies wrote *Acadian Reminiscences: The True Story of the Acadians*, inspired by tales he claimed his Acadian grandmother had told him. In his book, he told the story of Emmeline Labiche and Louis Arceneaux, figures surprisingly similar to those in Evangeline, and claimed that they were the real characters behind Longfellow's story. An oak tree in St. Martinville, Louisiana, was identified as the "Evangeline Oak"—allegedly the one under which Emmeline Labiche had waited day after day for Louis.

A Myth of Acadie

In 1929, Hollywood came to Louisiana and made a movie, *Evangeline*, starring Dolores Del Rio in the title role. After the filming, a statue of Evangeline (in the image of Del Rio) was erected in St. Martinville on the spot marking the alleged burial place of Emmeline Labiche, the "real" Evangeline. So pervasive had the legend become, in 1928 an Acadian convention in New England voted to exhume the remains of Emmeline Labiche and rebury them at Grand Pré, Nova Scotia. The American Forestry Service and the United States Historical Association offered support, but the St. Martinville Board of Trade was opposed.

In 1955, the 200th anniversary of the deportation, Evangeline was used as the symbol for commemorative ceremonies. In the 1960s, when the virtues of submissiveness and Christian faith fell from fashion, Acadian artists on both sides of the border began to deconstruct the image of the heroine. At the same time, dozens of books and tour guides continued to repeat the story that Emmeline Labiche was, indeed, the real Evangeline.

Then, in 1988, Louisiana historian Carl Brasseaux published *In Search of Evangeline*, in which he demonstrated, without a shadow of a doubt, that Emmeline Labiche and Louis Arceneaux were as fictitious as Evangeline and Gabriel.

No historical document or record contains a trace of them.

In spite of this—or maybe because of it—it seems that *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie* is enjoying renewed popularity—but for its literary qualities only. Four books, meanwhile, still repeat the story of "Emmeline, the real Evangeline." When history fights legend, legend always wins—especially if it draws tourists. ☒

André Pelchat is a writer and community worker living in L'Avenir, Quebec.

ET CETERA

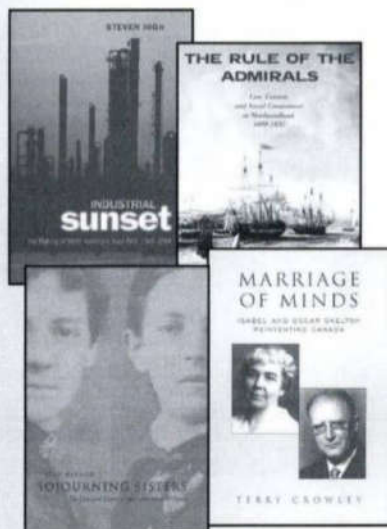
Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Goose Lane Editions, Fredericton, New Brunswick, 2004.

The full text of Longfellow's poem is also available on line at numerous websites, including <www.readbookonline.net> and <www.everypoet.com>.

In Search of Evangeline: Birth and Evolution of the Evangeline Myth by Carl Brasseaux. Blue Heron Press, Thibodeaux, Louisiana, 1988.

Acadian Reminiscences by Felix Voorhies. Firebird Press, Monticello, Kentucky, 1999.

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WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

Each year we can manage it, my wife and I make the three-day drive to Lake of the Woods, where my extended family has

summered on an island since 1907. Our route, the only allowable route, takes us across the top of Lake Superior, beside which my wife Nancy grew up in Fort William, now part of Thunder Bay. It always amazes me that so few Canadians have made the trip.

The first glimpse of Superior, just past Sault Ste. Marie, is thrilling, and the rest of the drive is unfailingly spectacular. "It's a view," Toronto author Peter Unwin writes, "that wants to turn personal problems into paltry things."

Lake Superior is the biggest, the most dangerous, the most storied of the Great Lakes. Unwin's book, *The Wolf's Head* (named for the shape of the lake on a map) is both a review of the literature and trip around the shore. He tells of the ancient native legends, putting them in contrast with today's "robustly well used" South Shore. A bit scornfully, he writes of the early explorers, voyageurs, and mis-

sionaries. This reflects his sympathy for the native peoples of Lake Superior, who are treated roughly both by the colonizers and the early historians.

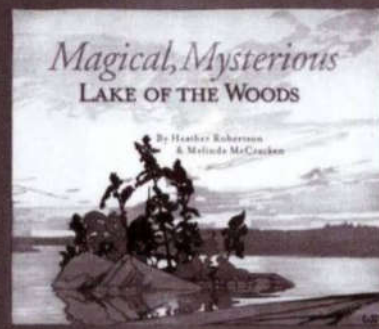
Unwin's impatience with the way history is told—deeply flawed white men portrayed as noble and virtuous, victimized native people seen as both ignorant and grateful—sometimes puts him in debunk mode and draws him away from the story. This happens in an otherwise fascinating account of Silver Islet, home in the 1870s of a lucrative silver mine below a two-metre high slab of offshore rock, and still one of the intriguing communities on the North Shore.

He writes more straightforwardly about what Lawren Harris called "the singing expansiveness" of the North Shore. There is chapter on the fish of Lake Superior that blames overfishing, not the dreaded lamprey, for the decline of the fishery. Unwin writes rivetingly of the ghost towns, such as Jackfish and Port Coldwell; he writes of the importance of the railway and of the blueberry; and of Duke the Miracle Dog of Schreiber.

Another chapter has the little-known tale of the prisoner-of-war camps that dotted the North Shore. Attempts to escape were thwarted by the harshness of the climate the escapees encountered on the outside—by the cold, by the snow, by the black flies. Someone thought he would skate across Lake Superior; not realizing it was just slightly smaller than Portugal and never froze over. At the end of the war, about 25 per cent of the German POWs returned as immigrants.

A lengthy chapter on storms and shipwrecks shows the power of the lake, beneath which lie the wrecks of 300, perhaps as many as 400, ships—not counting canoes.

Modern Lake Superior, its traditional livelihoods in extinction or decline, survives to some extent on tourists, of whom Unwin writes: "It's difficult to connect these people to this landscape, with the reality of the mineshaft, the timber camp, or the other harsh and lost resources of the North Shore."



Magical, Mysterious Lake of the Woods

By Heather Robertson and Melinda McCracken

Heartland Associates, Winnipeg, 2003
252 pp., illus., \$29.95 paper

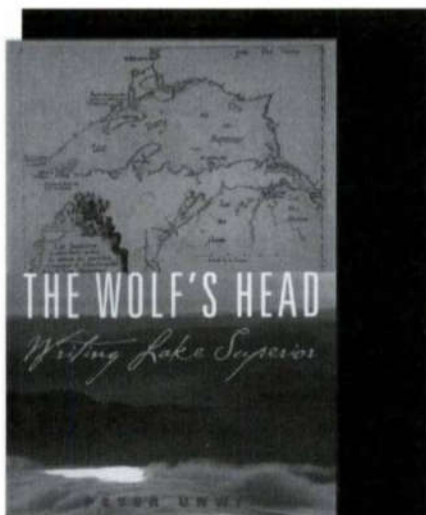
Five hundred kilometres to the west, just east of the Ontario-Manitoba border, Lake of the Woods stretches down to Minnesota. Heather Robertson and Melinda McCracken, two journalists with roots in Winnipeg, have put together a lively account of The Lake, as Winnipeggers call it. Tragically, McCracken died of cancer in 2002, as the book was in its final stages of preparation.

Profusely illustrated with maps, new and archival photographs, postcards, and the works of artists such as Paul Kane and W.J. Phillips, *Magical, Mysterious Lake of the Woods* brings the lake alive.

Robertson and McCracken deal with the lake's origins, both in geology and in native legend. They cover the voyageurs, the fur traders, the struggle between the Dakota and the Ojibwa, the arrival of the railroad and the paper mills, the area's brief role, at the beginning of the century, as a gold-mining centre.

In short chapters, structured like magazine articles, the role of the "summer people" is discussed (they would never be called "cottagers" this far west). Full disclosure: Among those summer people, who now make the two-hour drive from Winnipeg, are members of my family, whom Heather Robertson interviewed for this book; she also found writings by my father and me to quote.

Flora and fauna and politicians get thorough treatment. Shorter sidebar



The Wolf's Head: Writing Lake Superior

By Peter Unwin

Viking Canada, Toronto, 2003
254 pp., illus., \$34.00 hardcover

articles interspersed with the main text highlight Kenora's legendary Fife Hardware store, herbal cures, and, again, prisoners of war. Although informal in appearance and tone, the book does not neglect the area's problems, from economic and environmental difficulties, to Minamata disease, alcoholism, and the troubled relations between white and native people.

The authors of both of these books know the importance and drama of Canada's lakes. They bring us history in its most accessible form.

Reviewed by Ottawa journalist **Charles Gordon**, the author of five books, including *The Canada Trip* and *At the Cottage* (McClelland and Stewart).

DIVIDED DREAMS

Celebratory histories of Canadian westward progress typically identify language and religious differences as obstacles, dramatically personified

by the presumed inherently divided Métis and surmounted through the combined effort of dauntless nonaboriginal folk. J.M. Bumsted, a professor of history at the University of Manitoba, and Raymond Huel, a professor of history at the University of Lethbridge, astutely updating traditional scholarly approaches, fracture visions of unified resolve.

Their vibrant and thought-provoking portraits, set in Red River and early western Canada between 1811 and 1894, depict single-minded protagonists who, whether bent on fashioning a "little Britain," or replicating a beloved Quebec, are incapable of inspiring widespread cooperation.

In *Trials and Tribulations*, Bumsted presents life in Red River as a continual series of contests, ranging from man against nature to man against servant girl. Divisions within the newcomer European element are apparent from the outset. The Earl of Selkirk is embroiled in an age-old bout between "the Engl Colonies & the French of Canada." The generic Selkirk settler

dissolves in a multifaceted mixture of groups. All cope with floods, crop failures, and isolation by devising strategies geared to meeting cultural as well as material ends.

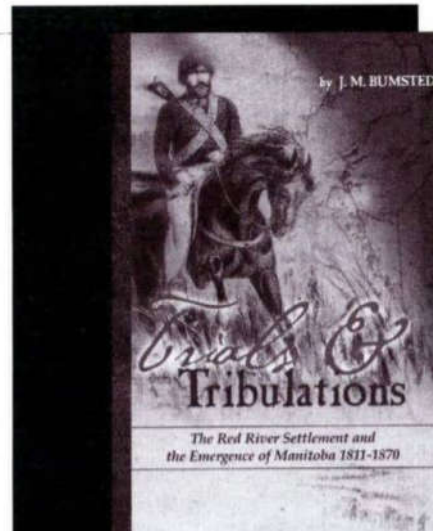
As settlement proceeds, the intermingling of peoples whose alliances shift within and without the community renders it progressively difficult to determine exactly which approach of what group won out at any given time.

Clearly, however, the imported ideals of "Britishers," such as Governor George Simpson and a small elite of corporate officers and clergymen, did not square easily with reality. Attempts to impose a "proper" social hierarchy were obstructed by "lower orders" displaying a "certain feeling of pride, independence and equality." Yet anticipated outbreaks of large-scale popular violence failed to materialize, even during the fractious period leading up to Manitoba's formation.

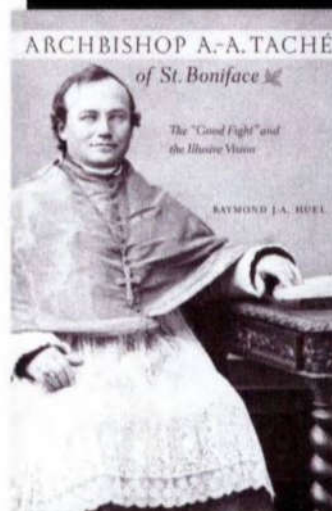
Raymond Huel's chronicle of an eventful career, *Archbishop A.-A. Taché of St. Boniface*, presents the Catholic Church as an economic rival to the Hudson's Bay Company. The separation between the elite and the mass of settlers complicated Taché's position. Though obsessed with recreating in the West an idealized version of Quebec's agricultural society, he often found more in common with the conservative element of Red River and Canada, such as Simpson and John A. Macdonald, than with his own French-speaking coreligionists.

Taché was a tireless communicator, overcoming distance through writing and travel to exercise his financial acumen and engage in diplomatic wrangling. As a micro-manager acutely sensitive to detail, he was nonetheless decidedly unperceptive regarding the failure of his authoritarian interpersonal style to effectively persuade. His "valiant efforts" were his alone. Without solid support from HBC representatives, Canadian politicians or populations, his own Oblates, or the people under their ministrations, Taché could not best competing visions.

Dutiful and striving to be honourable, Taché faced a rude awakening at life's end. Although dedicated to the



Trials and Tribulations:
The Red River Settlement and the
Emergence of Manitoba, 1811-1870
by J.M. Bumsted
Great Plains Publications, Winnipeg,
2003
248 pp., \$24.95 paper



Archbishop A.-A. Taché of
St. Boniface: The "Good Fight" and
the Illusive Vision
by Raymond J.A. Huel
University of Alberta Press
Edmonton, Alberta, 2003
429 pp., \$39.95

protection of French rights as the newly expanded Canadian state turned to reshaping the West, he suffered the ignominy of being accused of betraying both his native province and the Métis.

The intent of peoples native to the country, of blurred identity and from largely oral cultures, remains indistinct

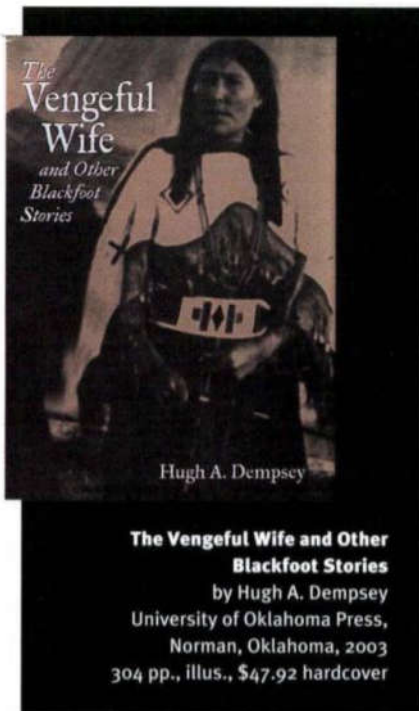
in these document-based histories. Corporate manoeuvring and economic motivation permeate both accounts, but the triumph of Canada's larger dream appears faintly inexorable, as though history as a force, rather than human artistry, determines outcomes. These are stimulating and engaging works from both historians.

Reviewed by **Norma Hall**, a graduate of the University of Manitoba and University of Winnipeg joint master's program in history.

NATIVE RECLAMATION

Hugh Dempsey's *The Vengeful Wife and Other Blackfoot Stories* is a departure from history books that take the dominant

culture's point of view. The former chief curator of Calgary's Glenbow Museum and longtime editor of *Alberta History* looks critically at official descriptions of Blackfoot culture, then challenges



assumptions about pre- and early reserve life with alternative versions.

The stories in *The Vengeful Wife* are based on Dempsey's personal archives, collected over the last fifty years, which preserve details of Blackfoot life from

the late 1700s to the early 1900s and include official government accounts from travellers and fur traders. He compares oral and written accounts of the Blackfoot culture and finds a niche for both. He writes:

Oral communication was the only way the Blackfoot had to pass on their history. Each storyteller was careful to relate the tale just as he had heard it; consequently, after being repeated by two or three generations, it still maintained the integrity of the original story. In passing along the stories in this book, I have followed the Blackfoot practice of including the conversations just as they were told to me or to other records by Native Elders. I was pleased to find that in the many instances where Blackfoot stories could be checked against newspaper or government reports of the day, there was a high degree of consensus.

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to sexuality and the supernatural, the stories restore the Blackfoot, once the masters of southern Alberta and northern Montana, as nuanced and complex individuals. The most intriguing are the tales that subvert the sanctioned accounts of history. In "His Name Was Star Child," a story about Constable Marmaduke Graburn, the first member of Northwest Mounted Police to die at Fort Walsh, and his accused murderer Ku'Katosi-poka (Star Child), Dempsey presents the official story, which defames Ku'Katosi-poka, then subverts this with other, unofficial, views, such as this in 1889 by Superintendent R.B. Deane: "Of all the several Indian scouts that I have tried, none have proved to be worth their salt but Star Child. ... I should be glad to get another native scout of similar calibre."

Dempsey reprints newspaper reports describing Indians as uncontrollable savages: "During the past winter they remained south of the boundary line where from all accounts they led a rough and lawless life." "They stopped the train line and insolently demanded a feed." He then undermines these accounts by demonstrating the journalistic biases of the day. This was a period, too, Dempsey writes, when "Indian agents had almost life and death powers over their charges. They carried out policies to 'civilize' the Indians by transforming them into self-sufficient farmers and forcing their children into residential schools." The effect on personality was profound.

Footnotes in *The Vengeful Wife* also prove engaging. Ed Yellow Old Woman recounts the murder of a constable and details of a native man's rampage, but, Dempsey notes wryly in one footnote, "Ed Yellow Old Woman ... was an infant in the wagon at the time ... his account is so garbled and at odds with documented information that it is likely he heard stories about it when he was older."

The Vengeful Wife is full of such gems. The book is another triumph of Dempsey's extensive archives and fertile imagination.

Reviewed by **Vivian Hansen**, a Calgary writer.

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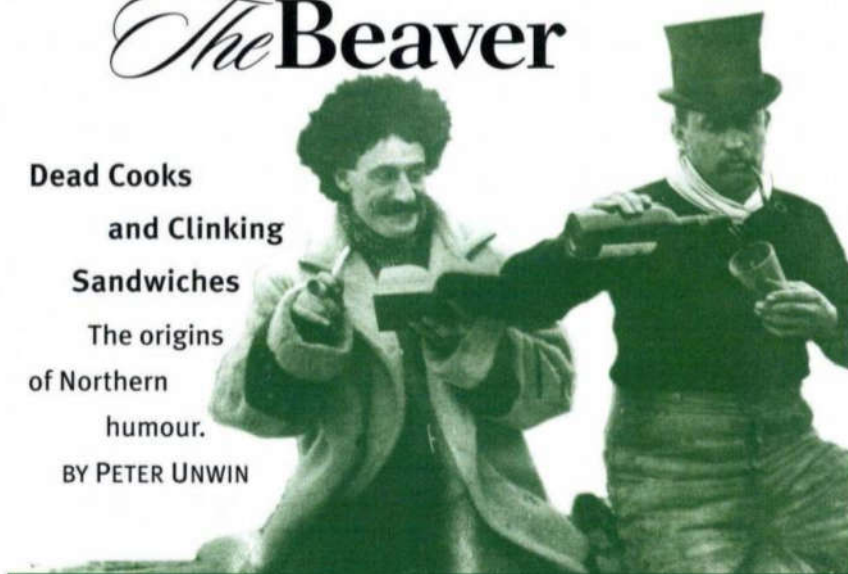
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BY SARAH BURTON



Scurvy: How a Surgeon, a Mariner, and a Gentleman Solved the Greatest Medical Mystery of the Age of Sail. By Stephen Bown

Any romantic notions readers may hold about the great Age of Sail are quickly dashed as the author draws a vivid portrait of life aboard ship, from the brutality of the press gangs to the subhuman conditions and vile diet of common sailors. This environment, of course, gave rise to the scourge of scurvy, which killed more sailors than all sea battles of the era. But it wasn't until the disastrous 1741 voyage of Commodore George Anson, in which 75 percent of his 1,200-man crew were lost to the disease, that enlightened self-interest motivated the British to attempt a cure. Yet despite a ship's doctor's findings of the antiscorbutic properties of citrus fruits in 1747, it would be fifty more years before willful ignorance, ludicrous theories, and bureaucratic obstacles were overcome. The eventual cure, the author speculates, ensured British supremacy at sea and the defeat of Napoleon. A riveting yarn.

Thomas Allen Publishers, Toronto, 2003. 256 pp., \$34.95 hardcover

Canada's Little War: Fighting for the British Empire in Southern Africa, 1899–1902. By Carman Miller

Great Britain, the preeminent superpower of the nineteenth century, decided to wage one of its "little wars" against a couple of Dutch-speaking republics in South Africa that had the temerity to declare independence from empire. Guess who went along for the ride? But then Canada, as part of the British Empire of the day, had little choice in foreign policy. Still, Canadians were not wholeheartedly in favour of proving their loyalty to the Empire by sending troops to fight alongside the British. Many were, of course. But others felt Canada had no quarrel with the Boers and no reason to take up arms against them. Nevertheless, seven thousand Canadian troops went to South Africa and the war became Canada's first trial by fire, the experience presaging the battlefield horror and the societal division wrought by the great wars of the twentieth century. Miller, a leading expert on Canada's role in the South African War, has produced an eminently readable account of this now-distant conflict. Delightful, too, are the many illustrations: more than photographs, the posters and depictions of paraphernalia make the war seem almost tangible.

James Lorimer & Company, Toronto, 2003. 104 pp., \$29.95 hardcover

The Naked Truth: The Untold Story of Sex in Canada. By Chris Gudgeon

In 1967 we were 20 million. Today we are 30 million. It hasn't been all immigration that's upped those statistics. Clearly, Canadians have been having a leg-over or two, but being more modest creatures than, say, the Americans, we haven't talked about it much. Victoria author Chris Gudgeon has set out to overturn that by, well, talking about it. Despite the come-hither, nearly nude torso on the cover, embellishments like an erotic map of Canada (Climax, Saskatchewan; Dildo, Newfoundland), and the usual entendres (Chapter 1: "Bare Essentials"), Gudgeon's book does actually manage to examine the history of Canadians' frequent obsession, or at least the social and legal conditions that surround it. Included are a look at the Criminal Code's raised eyebrow and swift punch, Canada Customs' fraught relationship with certain kinds of literature, the Church's turf wars with matrimony, women's right to say no, or yes, if they want, and – of course – Trudeau's clarifying remark that "there's no place for the state in the bedrooms of the nation." Even poor old Gerda Munsinger is dug up. Unfortunately – or fortunately – Gerda and her romps with assorted Tories in the 1960s seems to be the only sex scandal in Canadian history, which may, in the end, be rather telling about Canadians and sex. P.S. *The Naked Truth* contains no photographs.

Greystone Books, Vancouver, 2003. 222 pp., \$22.95 paper

Eighteenth-Century Naturalists of Hudson Bay. By Stuart Houston, Tim Ball, and Mary Houston

Those who sailed to the New World for the Hudson's Bay Company weren't singularly focused on the fur trade, though that was their primary purpose. Many of them, too, were early naturalists who charted weather and observed flora and fauna at their isolated posts, not because they needed distraction, but because knowledge of conditions in a harsh land improved their chances of surviving in it. The legacy of these largely untutored men is remarkable – three centuries of methodically recorded meteorological and weather information, the longest and largest consecutive series of such documentation in North America, and a great boon to those seeking to

understand climate change. The authors have structured the book around the scientific work of individual eighteenth-century traders such as Moses Norton, Samuel Hearne, and Peter Fidler, with additional chapters addressing natural history and climatology. Seven appendices cover such topics as the HBC Archives, the fount of all the preserved daily journals and ships' logs, as well as Cree names for birds, animals, and fish. One even reveals how the Canada goose got its name before there was a Canada. Enlivened with period colour plates of Canadian birds and innumerable illustrations and tables, this scholarly work gives credit where credit has been overdue – to the scientific resourcefulness of HBC traders.

McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2003. 333 pp., \$49.95 hardcover

The Wreck of the William Brown: A True Tale of Overcrowded Lifeboats and Murder at Sea. By Tom Koch

In 1841, the *William Brown*, carrying emigrants from Britain to North America, struck an iceberg in the waters off Newfoundland and sank. Like its more famous counterpart seventy-one years later, the *Titanic*, the *William Brown* had an insufficient number of lifeboats. Half the passengers drowned. Worse, fourteen of them were drowned when they were thrown overboard to help lighten one of the lifeboats. It was a time when thousands of people were leaving Britain and Europe for new lives in North America, many of them in inadequate vessels nicknamed "coffin ships." The *William Brown* was but one, but its sinking – and the trial of the scapegoated sailor that followed – became emblematic of the forces governing this immensely profitable trade in human cargo. Legally, the trial was the first to argue the "defence of necessity" and examine how to decide who gets saved in dire situations. Politically, the case inspired the first instances of officials manipulating the press. Koch, a veteran Vancouver writer, has wrought a compelling tale of murder on the high seas and international political shenanigans. And more: the question of who shall live and who shall be sacrificed still resonates wherever there is scarcity – of food, housing, healthcare, or even lifeboats.

Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver/Toronto, 2003. 213 pp., \$35.00 hardcover

The Real Winnie: A One-Of-A-Kind Bear. By Val Shushkewich

Winnie, short for Winnipeg, may not have been smarter than the average bear, but she's

certainly more famous. A genuine black bear cub transported to England in World War I by English-born Winnipeg veterinarian Harry Colbourne, Winnie ended up in the London Zoo where she was immortalized by A.A. Milne in the *Winnie the Pooh* stories. The links between Milne, the London Zoo, Colbourne, Winnie, and Winnipeg, however, were not drawn until the mid-1980s. Indeed, as Winnipeg author Val Shushkewich points out, it's doubtful that Milne himself knew the origin of the bear's name, while Colbourne at his death in 1947 remained largely unaware of the fame attached to the motherless cub he rescued in White River, Ontario. In this brief and breezy retelling, Shushkewich traces the series of serendipitous moments that brought a simple forest creature to iconic Disney-licensed status and includes the more recent attempts of both Winnipeg and White River to capitalize on the connection. Photos abound.

Natural Heritage, Toronto, 2003. 86 pp., \$16.95 paper

Arctic Dreamer: The Lonely Quest of Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Directed by Peter Raymond and Tom Radford

Born at Arnes, Manitoba, to Icelandic immigrants, Vilhjalmur Stefansson was a pioneering and prickly twentieth-century Arctic explorer and anthropologist who was no stranger to controversy. He captured Canadians' attention by trekking over 32,000 kilometres by dogsled between 1906 and 1918. As commander of the 1913-1918 Canadian Arctic Expedition, he discovered some of the world's last major landmasses, and he was one of the first Arctic explorers to adopt the Inuit lifestyle. But he also tarnished his reputation by claiming a Scandinavian link for the "Blond Eskimos" (Copper Inuit of the central Arctic), letting a plan to domesticate reindeer in northern Canada fall into chaos, and creating an international incident by claiming a Soviet island north of Siberia. Incorporating rare archival footage, *Arctic Dreamer* explores Stefansson's complex life and includes interviews with three of his six Inuit grandchildren, who have been largely ignored by previous biographers and filmmakers. In doing so, the film reclaims Stefansson as an Arctic visionary, suggesting that personality more than deed contributed to his notoriety.

White Pine Pictures, Toronto, 2003. 72 minutes, \$29.95 VHS

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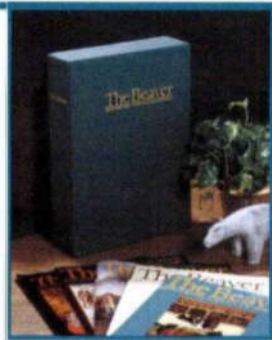
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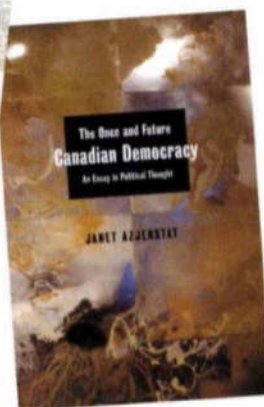
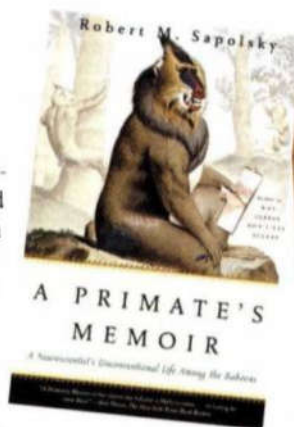
Christopher Moore

Baboons, Scholars, and Parliamentarians

Reading Richard Dawkins or Stephen Gould often makes me wish that historical journalism had some of the richness of scope and ambition that today's best science writing displays. (You can make the same discovery in television. Consider History Television in relation to Discovery Channel, and despair.)

Lately some science writers seem intent on discovering history for themselves. Consider the work of the American field biologist Robert M. Sapolsky, who in his book *A Primate's Memoir* evokes the half a lifetime he has spent in close observation of a troop of Kenyan baboons. ("I had never planned to become a savanna baboon when I grew up," he writes. "I had always assumed I would become a mountain gorilla.") Sapolsky loved "his" baboons, and they taught him much about baboon behaviour and physiology. On the whole, though, the troop behaved about the way we might expect. All its members were caught in fiercely maintained dominance hierarchies. The males were particularly violent and competitive. The toughest, most aggressive ruled as top baboon—for as long as he could hold on. Everyone beat up on those below them, and all were permanently stressed in unhealthful ways.

Then a new source of meat became available to Sapolsky's baboon troop, at a garbage dump. Only the most aggressive males could successfully fight their way to a share of the meat.



And since the dumped meat came from tubercular cattle, all the aggressive males got TB and died. Sapolsky watched his baboon family of twenty years being destroyed by plague. Devastated by the deaths of his research subjects (and friends), he abandoned his observations in the mid-1980s.

Except the TB proved not very contagious. The baboons who had been insufficiently aggressive to get diseased meat survived. And more than a decade later, the unaggressive survivors maintained a new, more harmonious way of being baboons. Even adolescent male recruits who transfer into the troop have taken on the new style, and so it endures. Today the alpha males, newcomers since the plague years, are less aggressive and more "affiliative" than baboon society is supposed to permit. The TB epidemic is long passed and forgotten, but Sapolsky's troop remains the least aggressive, least competitive, least dominance-obsessed gang of baboons anyone has ever observed. These baboons, reports Sapolsky, have built a new culture.

Even in the technical language of a scientific journal, his amazement rings

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out: "Somewhat uniquely in nonhuman primate studies, these findings concern the intergenerational transfer of social, rather than material culture."

What Sapolsky has discovered, though he doesn't quite say so, is that baboons have history. The only way to understand the behaviour of this baboon troop is by its history. Baboons may not have the range of cultural choices human societies do, but this troop exists as it does because of the way it responded to particular events in its now remote past.

It seems to follow that the same assumption will have to be applied to other primates. Biologists can no longer assume what they observe in a community of chimps or baboons (or hyenas?) is "biology." They will have to become historians too. To know their subjects, they will have to know where they have come from.

This story reminds me of an ambitious coterie of historians in Europe, particularly in France, fifty years ago, who wanted to unite history and the sciences and the social sciences into one vast integrated form of human study.

These historians were eager to learn from sociology and biology and statistical mathematics and any other field of promise, but they did not simply want to improve history by applying to it the (presumably superior) methods from other disciplines. In the great unification of scholarship that they dreamed of, they saw history, not as a borrower, but as the linchpin. History, they insisted, was "the federative discipline." No human subject is adequately understood, they said, unless one has grasped where in the past it has come from. History may find techniques from sociology useful, that is, but sociology is meaningless without a historical sense.

That kind of missionary zeal seems to have gone out of history today. Historians certainly borrow eagerly from other disciplines. These days, the fashion is for borrowing from literary and cultural theory more than from the harder sciences or social sciences. Few historians, however, seem much inclined to push history's insights upon other disciplines. What historian would

have dared to suggest to Professor Sapolsky that biology needs history? The biologist had to grope his own way toward that discovery in the field.

All of this is a way of introducing a short, conversational essay on Canadian political thought I was reading recently: *The Once and Future Canadian Democracy* by Janet Ajzenstat.

In it, Ajzenstat observes that Canadian political thought about constitutions, good government, and the democratic deficit, whether the scholarly kind or in more public forums, tends to lack time depth. In Canadian political discussion, nothing about where we came from or what we built up over decades or centuries seems to be of any value in deciding where we should be going. "Canadians don't think in a large and generous way, in a philosophical way, about what it is to live in a liberal democracy," she writes.

She also suggests why not: Canadians think romantically about politics. The romantic style is the reigning tradition in Canadian political history, philosophy, and public commentary.

Ajzenstat has an agenda here. She advocates the tradition of political liberalism that descends from philosophers such as John Locke, which she sees at work in Canadian parliamen-

tary government for 150 years and which she thinks still has much to offer. But she finds the romantic style of thinking impatient with institutions and traditions. It prefers purer emotions and the untrammelled will. It refuses to take seriously anything from our long Canadian experiment in liberal democracy, because by definition the past is what stands in the way of grand new beginnings. Democracy is for the future.

There's much in Ajzenstat's essay that's worth reading and arguing with. But she is on to something here. It's not just a lack of knowledge that constrains our political debates. Their ahistorical style isn't to be remedied just by teaching more history to more people, not if there is a willed intention not to take history seriously. We still need to make the case that our society came from somewhere, and that how it evolved matters.

Hell, it even matters for baboons. ■

Robert M. Sapolsky's *A Primate's Memoir* was published by Scribner in 2001. His article with Lisa J. Share, "A Pacific Culture among Wild Baboons: Its Emergence and Transmission," is published in *PLOS Biology* <www.plosbiology.org>. *The Once and Future Canadian Democracy* by Janet Ajzenstat was published by McGill-Queen's University Press in 2003.



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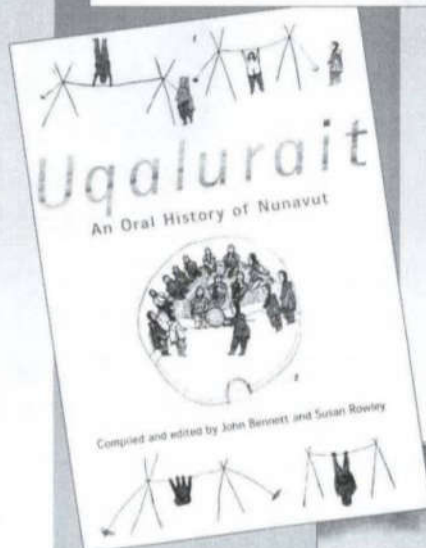
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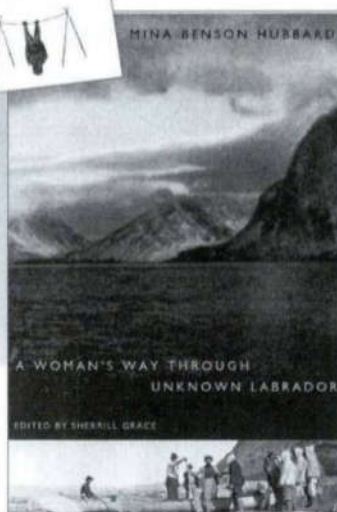
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JEAN DREVER PINKHAM was a force in pioneer Calgary, and she made a forceful impression on a young Doris Anderson.

I remember that morning vividly. I was seven and our Brownie pack was attending the Sunday morning service at the Pro-Cathedral Church in Calgary. Several little girls, clad in brown dresses and matching caps, were crowded into a pew just below the pulpit.

As we rose to sing, I glanced over my shoulder and found myself staring up at an immensely tall figure, completely in black, flanked by two other women. Pale, thin, her face under her black bonnet looked like a skull.

My terror must have registered all too clearly because she looked equally shocked at me.

Afterwards my mother explained that she was Mrs. W.C. Pinkham, widow of the first bishop of Calgary.

Years later, while researching the lives of early Alberta women, I discovered more about Jean Drever Pinkham.

Daughter of Red River pioneers, she grew up in Fort Garry, now Winnipeg. Her mother died when she was seventeen and she kept house for her father and three siblings. She loved dancing and once whipped up a muslin dress by hand in a single day to attend a dance that evening at six. Then she danced till dawn, with only time out for a supper of beaver tails and buffalo tongues.

She met her husband, William Cyprian Pinkham, in 1868, when he arrived as the new minister. They married two months later when she was nineteen.

In 1887, when he was made bishop of Calgary, they moved west. Two of her sisters also settled in Calgary. Mary married James F. MacLeod, the legendary commissioner of the RCMP who brought law and order to the West. Another sister married J.P.J. Jephson, a prominent lawyer.

Jean, concerned that there was no hospital within 700,000 square kilometres of the bishopric, organized Calgary women to hold teas, dances, and concerts until they raised enough money



to build Calgary's first hospital. Then she served as first president of Calgary's Women's Hospital Aid Society, and helped launch the Local Council of Women and the Victorian Order of Nurses.

In 1911 the Pinkhams were invited to the coronation of George V. But when Jean arrived in London the only dress she could find was several sizes too large. Ever resourceful, she sat up

half the night altering it with safety pins.

If I could talk to her today I would have many questions for her.

What was it like in the West before the railway arrived? How did you feel when a cannon was aimed at your father's house during the Riel Rebellion? Did you celebrate when Confederation took place? And how did you manage with six children—one died in infancy, another in World War I.

Even when I lived in Calgary, it seemed very English. The candy and fish store and even the church with its surpliced choirboys (women were hidden in a gallery) would have looked right at home in an English village. Would it shock you that Calgary today is the most American city in Canada?

And what were those legendary characters really like? Bob Edwards, editor of the *Calgary Eye-Opener*, Cappy Smart, the fire chief, and the four men who started all the whoop-dee-doo of Calgary's world-famous stampede? (One of them married your niece).

Did you know my grandparents, who ranched where Tuxedo Park now stands on Calgary's north hill?

Jean Drever Pinkham lived many years after our encounter. She died in 1940 at the age of ninety. My final question would be: I am as old now as you were that long-ago morning. Can you ever forgive me for looking so shocked back then? ■

Doris Anderson was editor of *Chatelaine* magazine from 1957 to 1977 and a columnist for the *Toronto Star*. She is also the author of five books, the latest, *Rebel Daughter*, an autobiography.

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Built by the French in 1751, Fort Beauséjour fell to the English in 1755 and was renamed Fort Cumberland. A military presence remained at the fort until 1833.

FORT BEAUSÉJOIR NHS



ACADIAN SLEUTHING

On the 400th anniversary of the French colony's founding, Nikki Mitchell finds southeastern New Brunswick steeped in reminders of old Acadie.

Like a good mystery novel, Acadian New Brunswick has many curious subplots.

Visit historical sites in and around Moncton and you uncover a few historical discrepancies, or perhaps just passionate reinterpretations. The area in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia once known as Acadie was said to have been tossed between the French and English eleven times between 1604 and 1710, before it passed permanently into English hands. At least, that's how one story goes. Another source will tell you four or five.

"Acadie went back and forth like a tennis ball," says Juliette McLeod, supervisor of Fort Beauséjour National Historic Site. "The governing groups would change hands all the time but the Acadians remained living in Acadia."

To do your own historical math, start at Fort Beauséjour, a star-shaped earthwork fortification southeast of Moncton, built in 1751 by the French in response to neighbouring British Fort Lawrence, about two kilometres

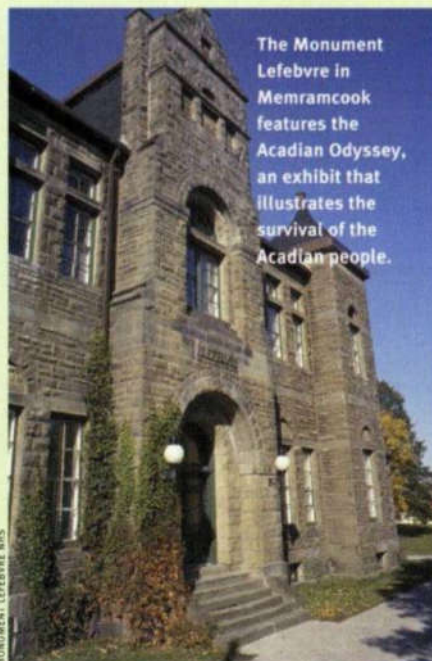
southeast. If you stand on New Brunswick soil and look over to Nova Scotia, you can imagine protecting your fort and admiring your agricultural engineering on the marshlands below. The site is good for an amble, and it has enthusiastic guides that enrich the experience. You'll be shown through the fort's casemates — the cramped subterranean quarters that must have been less than cozy for the soldiers.

After a battle in 1755 in which 400 French

soldiers lost to 2,000 New Englanders and the expulsion and exile of the Acadians began, Fort Beauséjour became Fort Cumberland. By 1833, the military abandoned the fort and leased it to local farmers. Artifacts from the era are on display in the on-site museum and include original china plates, infantry officers' swords, flintlock muskets, a tobacco chopper, a pancake griddle, and beautifully carved wooden Micmac peace pipes. A sundial encapsulates the experience with the Latin inscription, "From this moment hangs eternity."

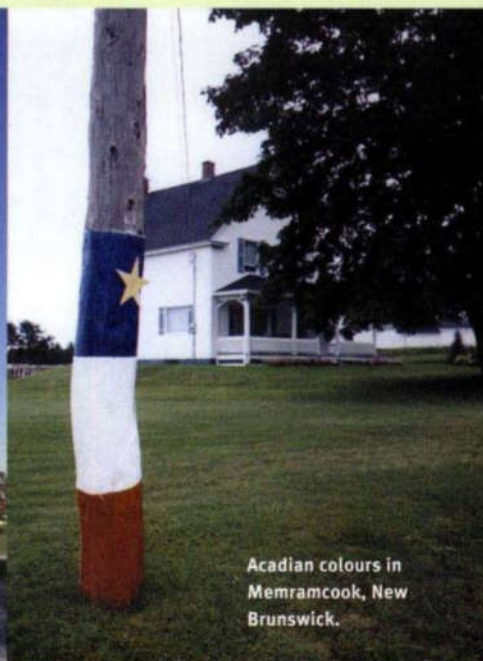
Follow the telephone poles painted in Acadian colours of red, white, and blue, to Monument Lefebvre National Historic Site in Memramcook, northwest of Sackville. Founded in 1864 as the first Acadian postsecondary school by a dynamic young Québécois priest, Camille Lefebvre, who became the father of the Acadian renaissance in the late nineteenth century, this interpretive site tells in great detail the story of the 1755–1762 deportation, in which three-quarters of the Acadian people were banished. Engaging displays recount the conditions faced by the first fifty families that established the community. An illustrated version of a 1710 map depicts the original settlements.

Just a short drive outside of Moncton awaits the lively tourist destination Le Pays de la Sagouine, named for the archetypal Acadian character created by New Brunswick novelist Antonine Maillet. Don't count on historical accuracies; just let your imagination go Acadi-



The Monument Lefebvre in Memramcook features the Acadian Odyssey, an exhibit that illustrates the survival of the Acadian people.

MONUMENT LEFEBVRE NHS



Acadian colours in Memramcook, New Brunswick.

an. The costumed actors animate a colourful island village (circa anywhere from 1940 to current day) with local gossip, *en français*. Housewares illustrate the charms of yesteryear.

To delve into the next chapter, visit Musée Acadien at the University of Moncton. Along with outlining the details of the expulsion and displaying the names of the original settlement's first 140 people, the museum also illuminates many aspects of daily life in old Acadia, including home construction, food production, and clothes making. With over 30,000 artifacts and photographs (including the original Acadian flag, complete with convincing signs of age), the museum presents a thorough overview of Acadian history and material culture.

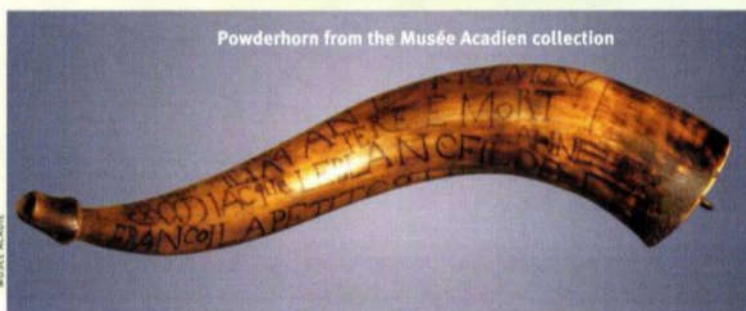
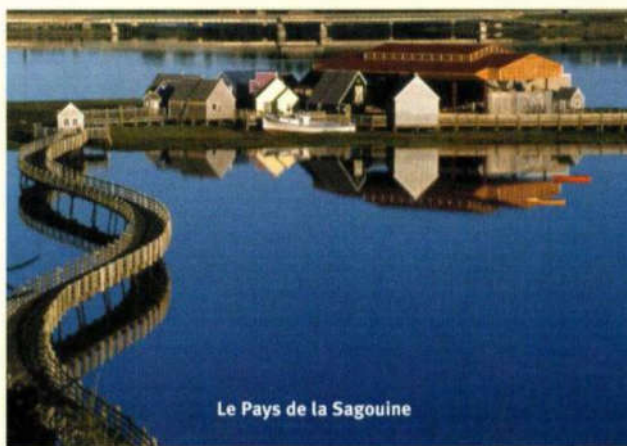
And the plot thickens. The museum also has an exhibit devoted to one of the most popular Acadian myths – the story of Evangeline (see page 42). Often disputed by critics, Longfellow's poem of a young woman's forlorn search for her lover is credited with igniting pride in Acadian culture. "For a long period of time it wasn't popular to be Acadian," says Vaughne Madden, general manager of the Congrès mondial acadien 2004. "Many lost their language and changed their names. It's only been a few decades since there's been a renewal in Acadian pride."

A pride evident in a weekend journey back in time through Acadian New Brunswick.

Nikki Mitchell is a Halifax writer.

IF YOU GO ...

All sites are within an hour's driving distance of Moncton. For Fort Beauséjour, take the 513A exit from the Trans-Canada Highway southeast of Moncton. To Monument Lefebvre from Fort Beauséjour,



take route 106 west at Sackville and turn left on Centrale Street. From the Trans-Canada Highway, exit at Memramcook at #482 and follow the signs to Route 106 and head west, turn left on Centrale Street. For La Pays de la Sagouine, take exit 32A off Highway 11 north to Bouctouche and follow the signs. Musée Acadien is at the University of Moncton: from Dieppe, take Route 15 and the University of Moncton exit.

For information on places to see, accommodations, and special events contact:

Tourism Moncton
655 Main Street
Moncton, New Brunswick E1C 1E8
T: 1-800-363-4558
W: www.gomoncton.com

Sites included in this article are open on a seasonal basis. For further information contact:

Fort Beauséjour NHS

111 Fort Beauséjour Road
Aulac, New Brunswick E4L 2W5
T: (506) 364-5080
W: www.parks.canada.gc.ca/lhn-nhs/nb/beausejour/

Monument Lefebvre NHS

480 Centrale Street
Memramcook, New Brunswick E4K 3S6
T: 1-888-773-8888
E: monument@nbnet.nb.ca
W: www.pc.gc.ca/lhn-nhs/nb/lefebvre/

Musée Acadien

Pavillon Clément-Cormier
University of Moncton
Moncton, New Brunswick E1A 3E9
T: (506) 858-4088
W: www.umoncton.ca/maum/

La Pays de la Sagouine

57 Acadie Street
Bouctouche, New Brunswick E4S 2T7
T: 1-800-561-9188
W: www.sagouine.com

HERITAGE

The imperilled future of the past

Shock waves resonate still from Auditor General Sheila Fraser's February report. The findings that attracted the lion's share of attention, however, overshadowed an important and unprecedented component of the report devoted to history and heritage: chapter six, entitled "Protection of Cultural Heritage in the Federal Government," is a scathing critique of the stewardship of federal built, archival, and published heritage resources. This is the first time an auditor general—in Canada, or elsewhere for that matter—has focused on this important area of federal responsibility. While it is not a pretty picture, it is nonetheless an accurate portrayal of the present state of much of our past.

For those who work in this field, the auditor-general's findings were no revelation. The heritage community has known for years the increasingly perilous state of

our cultural heritage under federal stewardship and has repeatedly drawn attention to it. The federal government can choose to ignore calls for corrective action, and has done so over the years to the detriment of the heritage assets under its management. However, it is another matter entirely when the auditor general draws these shortcomings to Parliament's attention, as the federal government has no option but to respond. That is why this groundbreaking report is such a welcome development: it should rouse the federal government into becoming an

enlightened and exemplary steward of its federal heritage resources instead of a slum landlord.

One striking example drawn from the auditor-general's critical appraisal is the state of our National Historic Sites, of which 148 are administered by Parks Canada and the remaining 688 by other levels of government and private and voluntary sectors. Many of these are in very poor condition, and inadequate resources have resulted in insufficient or deferred maintenance that only worsens the situation and increases the cost and complexity of



Clockwise from near right:
Fort Prince of Wales in
Manitoba; Claybank Brick
Plant in Saskatchewan;
Rideau Canal, Ottawa,
Ontario.

corrective measures. Crumbling walls and deteriorating masonry afflict such sites as the Rideau Canal in Ontario, Fort Prince of Wales in Manitoba, and the Claybank Brick Plant in Saskatchewan. Structural problems beset such sites as Dufferin Terrace in the fortifications of Quebec and the Jasper Park Information Centre in Alberta. Federal government assistance to these sites has been insufficient. The Canada Cost-Sharing Program, for example—designed to assist

with the preservation of those national sites operated by others—has been accorded meagre resources over the years, and pressing demand far outstrips paltry supply. If our flagship National Historic Sites are subjected to such treatment, it should come as no surprise that other elements of Canada's cultural heritage are in jeopardy.

To give the federal government credit, it has been working with provincial, territorial, and local governments, as well as with the private and voluntary sectors, in developing the Historic Places Initiative. In the first phase, a national register of historic properties, national conservation standards and guidelines, and a related certifying function have been developed. Supported by legislation to be introduced in the House of Commons, the HPI will provide much-needed statutory protection of national historic sites and federal heritage properties.

While the Historic Places Initiative is a welcome and important first step, more and bolder steps are needed. Between 1970 and 2000, Canada lost between 21 and 23 per cent of its historic building stock. In some cities the attrition rate was nearly double. To halt this destructive trend, all orders of government will have to work together to put in place appropriate, complementary measures. However, because the Government of Canada owns and operates a significant number of heritage properties, including our National Historic Sites, it must lead by example. As it has done with the Historic Places Initiative, it must begin by being a model custodian of those heritage sites in its charge.

For the auditor general's report to have the desired effect, however, Parliament must not lose sight of the protection of cultural heritage. Those concerned about the future of our past need to remind Members of Parliament of the auditor general's findings and encourage the implementation of the federal commitments. Those wishing to review the

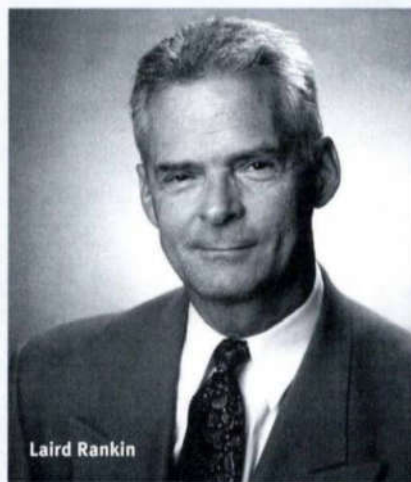
report can access it on the auditor general's website at <www.oag-bvc.gc.ca> under reports and publications.

Brian Anthony is the executive director of the Heritage Canada Foundation, a nongovernmental organization devoted to promoting the preservation of Canada's built heritage.

PASSAGES

Departure

This issue of the *Beaver* marks a transition for the magazine and Canada's National History Society. Laird Rankin, executive director of the History Society from 1994 to 2002 and *Beaver* publisher since 1997, retires from the rigours of overseeing Canada's second-oldest continuously published magazine to elsewhere cultivate his garden, literally and metaphorically. Under his stewardship, the *Beaver* raised its profile significantly within the community of magazine readers and devotees of Canadian history.



Prior to his appointment, *Beaver* subscriptions and revenues had remained stagnant through much of the 1990s. With the launch of a new, more popular, reader-friendly *Beaver* in December 1998, the magazine began a steady growth. During his tenure, Laird also

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- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- The Manitoba Museum, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- Niagara Historical Society & Museum, Niagara-on-the-Lake, ON
- Bata Shoe Museum, Toronto
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- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
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- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

introduced a direct-mail fundraising appeal to *Beaver* subscribers, which has proved remarkably successful. Though he leaves his colleagues bereft of his impeccable taste, wise counsel, and good humour, he leaves the *Beaver* well positioned to continue as a popular and intelligent contribution to Canadians' love affair with their own history. We wish him well.

Arrivals

At the History Society's annual meeting held in Toronto in June, two new members were elected to the board for three-year terms.

Sanford Riley of Winnipeg is president and CEO of Richardson Financial Group, the financial services arm of James Richardson & Sons Limited. Mr. Riley is also chancellor of the University of Winnipeg, chairman of the University of Winnipeg Foundation, and is a member of several corporate boards of directors, including Molson Inc.,

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Margaret Conrad of Fredericton



Sanford Riley



Margaret Conrad

is Canada Research Chair in Atlantic Canada Studies at the University of New Brunswick and recognized authority in Atlantic Canadian history and women's history. From 1969 to 2002, she was a member of the history department of Acadia University; she also served as an adjunct professor of history at Dalhousie from 1992 to 2002. Among her publications are *Atlantic Canada: A Region in the Making* (with James K. Hiller) and *History of the Canadian Peoples* (with Alvin Finkel and Cornelius Jaenen).

Retiring from the board are **Brian Grose** of Oakville, **Patricia O'Brien** of St. John's, and **Bill Waiser** of Saskatoon.

Calling All Beaver Contributors

(Past and Present)

If you, or someone you know, have worked as a freelance writer for *the Beaver* please visit our website:

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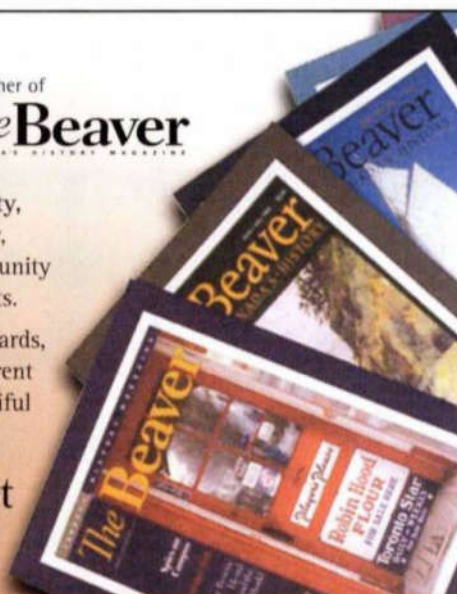
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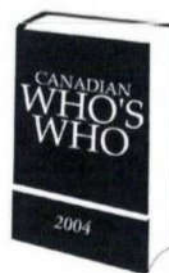
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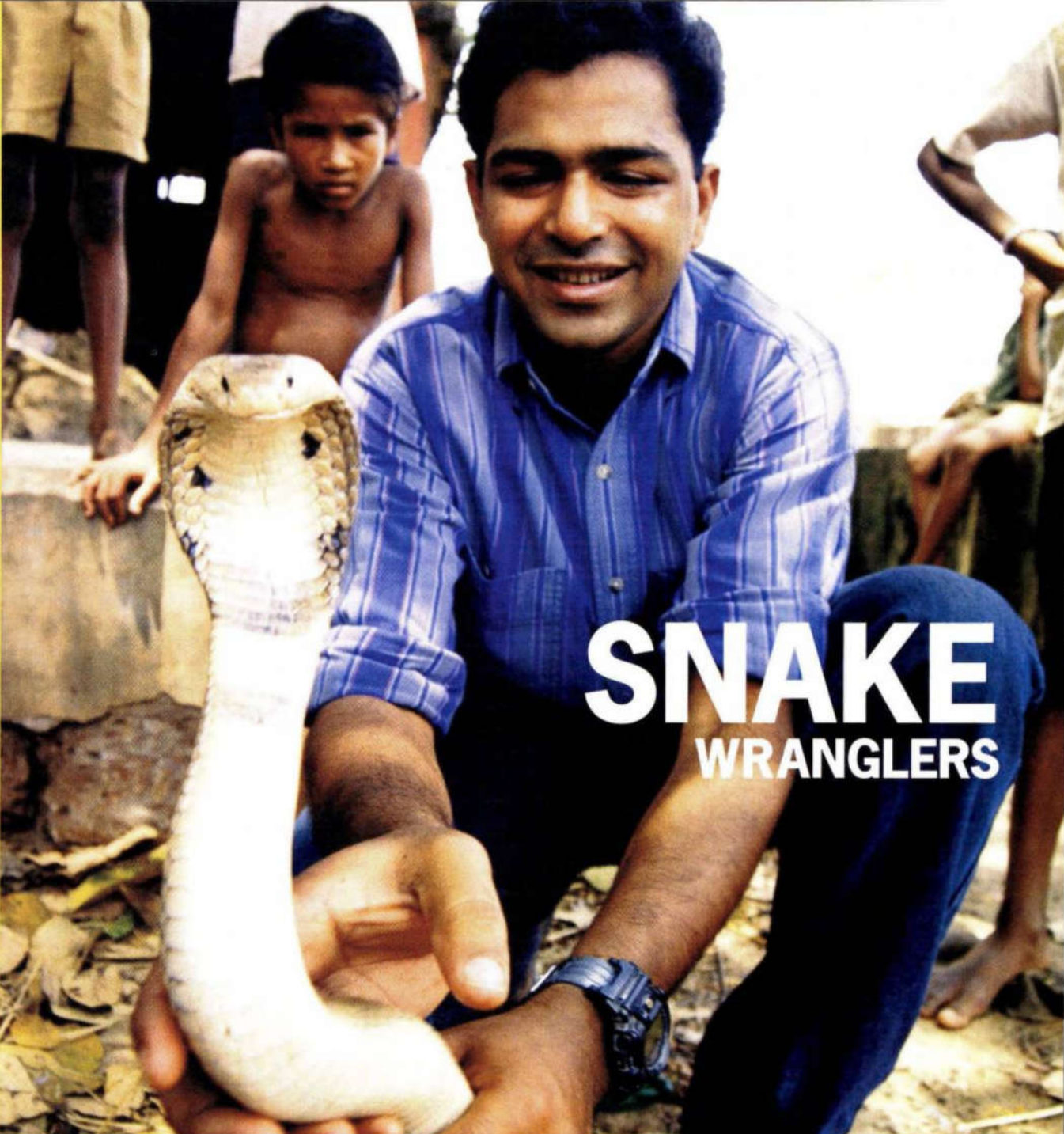
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Dianne MacLaurin, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is the daughter of Lawrence Sherman McBride and Ethel Maud Leggett. She lives on Quadra Island, B.C.



Riverboat "Larry sent tickets to Dease Lake for Irene and me," Ethel Maud Leggett later recalled. "He wanted me to come and see if I would like the north. We were going to be married on the *Hazel B No. 2*." Ethel and Lawrence Sherman McBride never did marry on the *Hazel B*. Somehow the plans fell through. (They married instead in Vancouver in October 1938.) But they did spend that summer in Dease Lake, where Larry was HBC post manager. Irene was her soon-to-be sister-in-law and chaperone. They took a ship from Vancouver to Wrangell, Alaska, then the *Hazel B* up the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek, B.C., then a three-day trip on horseback to Dease Lake. Ethel is fourth from the left with her arm around the captain's shoulders. Irene is third from the right making a face at the photographer. It was the big adventure of their lives and they were having fun. ☐

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478-167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



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August | September Highlights



Tactical to Practical (Canadian Premiere) | Mondays at 8 p.m. ET beginning September 6

Setting the stage for high-action, high-tech and high-adventure with a unique fast-paced approach to military and historical storytelling, **Tactical to Practical** explores the innovations developed for combat that have evolved into useful tools for civilian life. This series is hosted by Hunter Ellis, a former Navy Fighter Pilot and tribe member in *Survivor: Marquesas*.



Barbarians (Canadian Premiere) | Coming This Fall

Savage tribes who hurl themselves repeatedly against the bastions of civilization, **Barbarians** are violent forces from the dark beyond. Aided by cinematic re-creations, this series recounts the astonishing sagas of the Vikings, Goths, Mongols and Huns.



Crime Stories (Broadcast Premiere) | Coming This Fall

This History Television Original series takes viewers behind the scenes of some of the most intriguing crimes in Canadian history. First-hand accounts, in addition to dramatic re-enactments, news footage, clippings and photographs paint a comprehensive picture of what really happened during a variety of Canada's highest profile crimes.



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